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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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Vol. XXXV. No. 114.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1879.

Price Ten Cents.



INSIDE SECRETS OF FASHIONABLE SHOPPING IN THE METROPOLIS.—"IF YOU DON'T SEE WHAT YOU WANT, CALL FOR IT."—THE SPECTACLE PRESENTED BY A NOTED SOCIETY BELLE IN A "SPECIAL CUSTOMER'S" ROOM OF A WELL-KNOWN TRADE EMPORIUM, AS A CONSEQUENCE OF CALLING TOO OFTEN FOR THE INVISIBLE; NEW YORK CITY.—See PAGE 2.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - - - - Proprietor.

PUBLISHING OFFICE:

183 William Street, Cor. Spruce, New York.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1879.

Terms of Subscription.

One copy, one year.....\$4.00
One copy, six months.....2.00
One copy, three months.....1.00
Single copies.....Ten Cents
To Clubs a liberal discount will be allowed.
Postage FREE to all subscribers in the United States.
Subscriptions, communications and all business letters must be addressed to the publisher, 2, 4 and 6 Reade street, (P. O. Box 40) New York City.
All letters containing money should be sent by registered letter or Post Office money order.

The Trade Supplied by The American News Co., N. Y., or any of their Branches.

CAUTION.

We desire to notify the public that the GAZETTE has undergone a radical change in artistic and literary standing and in moral tone. It is, as now conducted, simply an illustrated record of current events, nothing of an improper character or inconsistent with the sphere of legitimate illustrated journalism being allowed in its columns. It has no connection whatever with any imitations closely copying its title for the purpose of profiting by its advertising and reputation. The GAZETTE frequently suffers, in various ways, from this confusion of titles and we desire to warn the public in the matter. ASK FOR THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, OF NEW YORK; see that the title, of publication place and name of the publisher are plainly set forth.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.
2, 4, & 6 Reade street, N. Y.

Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

W. H. I., Emmetsburg, Ia.—Will appear in our next.
D. H. F., Delaware, O.—Have published them. Further by mail.

CHIEF NEILL, Oil City, Pa.—All right. Much obliged; will appear in our next.

DETECTIVE SMITH, Allegheny City, Pa.—Thanks for courtesy; will appear in our next.

OCCIDENTAL, Denver, Col.—Photographs good. Further by mail in regard to subject in question.

CORRESPONDENT, Lebanon, Pa.—Will communicate with you fully in regard to the article by mail.

F. B. T., Bridgeport, Conn.—Will hold the matter for portrait, which you can probably obtain.

CORRESPONDENT, Cooperstown, N. Y.—Thanks for photographs and sketches. Will communicate further by mail.

CORRESPONDENT, Kansas City.—Had already published account of the affair and could find no space for illustration.

CORRESPONDENT, Cadiz, O.—Have published portrait, for which thanks. Later item scarcely of sufficient general interest.

T. H. M., Charleston, S. C.—Utterly unable to see the point, if a joke was intended, and are at a loss to know what it was all about anyhow.

PROF. M., Boston, Mass.—What did you expect us to do with such a "ghost story" as that, accept it as fact ourselves or attempt to pass it off as such? We don't give our readers such "guff" as that.

JACK A., Norwich, N. Y.—Nigger business, unless attended by very unusual circumstances, is not of sufficient interest for illustration. We have already published all the matter is worth: thanks for attention, however.

M. A. B., Fort Meade, D. T.—Should like to oblige you by illustrating it, but the attempted suicide, as you will acknowledge, was a very ordinary sort of affair, and we have such a press of matters of general interest that we could really find no place for it.

C., Water Valley, Miss.—Have illustrated it in this issue, as you will see. Thanks for the favor. Let us hear further from you in regard to it, and if there are any further developments keep us posted. Send portraits, if obtainable; also send address in your next.

POSTMASTER, Lancaster, S. C.—Had account of the tragedy in type when yours arrived. Thanks for attention all the same. Should be glad to have you send us portraits of the parties if you can obtain them, and to keep us posted on happenings of general interest in your section, but please observe to forward items as soon as possible after the event.

T. S. S., Somerset, O.—Will probably publish it in our next issue; arrived too late for this. Sorry it did not reach us when first forwarded. It is one of those annoying mistakes which we are frequently called upon to endure through the confusion of titles and a want of care on the part of our correspondents in discriminating between the plainly announced "New York" NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE and the anonymous imitation.

S. S. T., Lebanon, Pa.—You are mistaken in supposing that we gave the portraits of Drews and Stiehler to the Boston sheet, which simply appropriated them from our columns, the week following our publication, "without leave or license." It's a way the Boston alleged illustrated journal has of doing. You are not "up" in the journalistic business or you wouldn't have imagined such a thing.

B. B. H., Marietta, O.—We have no need of a regular correspondent, but should be glad to have you send us items of general interest, sensational occurrences or the like, if forwarded promptly, but particularly desire photographs of parties concerned and sketches of location of events correctly drawn merely. Do not care for elaborate drawings. Such matter we are always ready to accept at fair rates.

MINISTERIAL CHEEK.

There is much to be said in behalf of the calm, well-braced cheek, the unmitigated, ever-sufficient gall of the preacher craft, as a craft. If a man admires a good article of its kind, regardless of what the kind may be, simply as an admirer of perfection or perfected effort, in whatever direction, in the same sense that Josh Billings desired to have his mosquitoes, since mosquitoes he must have, lively and enterprising, then must he render the tribute of praise to ministerial cheek.

Here, for instance, is the alleged "Reverend" E. E. Bayless, who until recently pounded the pulpit and expounded gospel truths for the edification of a congregation of devoted followers in Maple River, Michigan. We say until recently, because at that indefinite period a shadow fell across his pastoral path in the shape of a handsome, buxom female, of a type of beauty more calculated to catch the eye of the carnal-minded than to inspire the spiritual nature, but who, nevertheless, found great favor in the sight of our inculcator of religious truths. She was a member of his congregation and, of course, like all religiously-inclined females, a blind believer in the goodness, greatness and unimpeachable righteousness of her pastor, under any and all circumstances. She was, moreover, a married woman, but that was no reason why he should not visit her, in a pastoral way, to pleasantly pass the long hours of his extended leisure in impressing upon her more strongly the lessons of the preceding Sabbath and in drawing more tightly the bonds of Christian love, the while the husband was absent pursuing his unending routine of homely toil to afford a livelihood for the object of the pastor's spiritual affection.

Nor did he find it a serious obstacle when, later, he was moved, by a "revelation" no doubt, to take her unto himself, even as David of old took Bethsheba.

He himself was one of the appointed, while the husband was a mere sinner and publican, as it were. Why should his wishes or opinions in the matter stand in the way of one of the chosen? So the pair incontinently got up and "dusted," to use the language of the ritual, leaving each a broken and, in the case of the shepherd, a helpless and dependent family in Maple River to mourn their loss and disgrace.

But the shepherd shortly discovered that he had labored under a misapprehension in regard to the revelation, and, cut off from his usual mode of procuring the evil but needful cash, with the hard alternatives of work or poverty staring him in the face, the "kindred soul" notion evaporated from his mind more rapidly even than Bob Acres' courage oozed out at his finger nails. Now a sinner similarly situated would probably have accepted the former alternative or have taken a walk off the dock, blown his brains out or something in that line. Not so our religious teacher. He knew a trick worth two of it. He simply dropped Bethsheba, "shook" her, as the profane would say, a stranger in a strange place, to shift for herself or starve, and got up and got for Maple River. When he arrived there he was short of cash and very penitent. In fact, he made a public speech in which he said so to neighbors and congregation, including, probably, the man whose home he had broken up and upon whose children he had fixed an inextinguishable stigma, freely confessed his error and then modestly asked as a mark of their appreciation of his repentance that they reinstate him as pastor of the church he had left under the circumstances narrated. That is to say that they should again accept him as their teacher in religion; their guide to eternity, the exemplar in morality for their children, a "reverend" being, in short, elevated above the frailty and sinful nature of ordinary humanity. Which is why we remark that for a first class article of its kind commend us to "ministerial cheek," all the time.

Inside Secrets of Fashionable Shopping.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Many persons live and die in a great city without knowing anything at all of the one half of its existence that lies beyond the daily routine of average respectability. Life in New York, for instance, has its hidden aspects even among our so-called best society. How many virtuous girls and matrons there are who for years have made frequent shopping visits to some of the great trade emporiums where the fair delight to resort in the indulgence of that feminine weakness, to whom such a scene as that depicted by our artist on the first page would be as startling a revelation as his first peep at "the elephant" is to the freshest youth who ever journeyed to the metropolis to view the animal. And yet the scene is by no means an unfamiliar one to those who are acquainted behind the scenes.

The fact is, and it is an unpleasant one to realize, no inconsiderable number of our society dames and damsels have quite as great a hankering for the exhilarating champagne, the bracing cocktail or the seductive cobbler as have their husbands and brothers, and when the means of gratifying this hankering is offered in an enticingly surreptitious way, it becomes doubly fascinating to feminine nature.

Some of our tradesmen—exceptional instances, we prefer to believe, more shrewd than scrupulous—have taken advantage of this characteristic by providing private apartments—"special customers'" rooms they

are sometimes styled—where ladies are invited to rest from the fatigues of shopping amidst luxurious surroundings and refresh themselves with stimulating beverages of any kind desired. Of course, this is all well paid for, indirectly, at least, though usually offered as a compliment from the proprietor to his fair customers, and in many cases has become in this way an enormous source of revenue to him from the huge extra bills and exorbitant charges, which are never disputed by those who accept in this way an accommodation they could not procure so suitably, all things considered, in any other manner.

It is usual where this back-room drinking business is concerned to display in the general shopping department a placard with such a notice as "If you don't see what you want, call for it." This is always understood by the initiated fair ones and those "special customers'" apartments have witnessed some queer scenes in which ladies standing high in society have frequently exhibited themselves in consequence of calling too often for these "invisible goods," a notable instance in the case of a well-known belle and member of a high-toned city family, having created not long since quite a sensation in upper social circles from the scandal caused by the performance of the fair but weak creature in question who had to be quite summarily handled and sent home in a close carriage for the sake of herself and family to avoid a still more disgraceful sequel which was narrowly avoided.

Plucking a Parson.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The story of the adventures of the Rev. James R. Paige, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in Rushville, Ill., who fell among sharpers and was badly victimized on the occasion of a recent visit to the metropolis, was fully detailed in our preceding issue. We present this week a correct illustration of the scene in the Canal street bar-room into which the reverend gentleman was inveigled, under the pretense of his being a tea-sample office belonging to the son of a member of his Rushville congregation, and there induced to witness the explanation of a stranger as to how he had just been fleeced of a large sum of money at three card monte. This he pretended to illustrate with the cards, and during the operation one of the reverend gentleman's professed friends managed to get \$40 from him just to do "God's work to this misguided man." Of course the whole thing was a put-up job to fleece Mr. Paige, and an old enough dodge it was, and altogether too thin, one would suppose, to catch a gentleman of his cloth, considering the circumstances under which it was perpetrated, but it did catch him all the same. When they had securely "fastened on" to his cash, the swindlers started an alarm of police and ran out of the place, the clergyman, who must have presented a very undignified picture, precipitately following them. After he had cooled off he realized the swindle, and finally succeeded in having the gang arraigned at the bar of justice, as previously detailed in our columns.

A Bit of Justifiable Bulldozing.

[Subject of Illustration.]

JACKSON, TENN., Nov. 12.—A case of bulldozing occurred here recently, which, according to the universal opinion was not only entirely justifiable, but in which the bulldozer, who was a woman, be it understood, has been received by common consent as a heroine. It appears that a pretty young lady resident, named Miss Jennie Whitman, had among her admirers a Mr. J. M. Johnson, an engineer on the St. Louis and Missouri Railroad. The engineer became very much in love with Miss Whitman and paid her assiduous court, but the young lady discovering meanwhile that he was a married man with a family residing in Pennsylvania, gave him the cold shoulder. Johnson then, out of revenge, tried to ruin Miss Whitman's character by circulating scandalous reports concerning her. This, coming to her ears, she procured a revolver, sought him out, and not only made him acknowledge that he had lied about her, but forced him, at the muzzle of the revolver, to get down on his knees before her and swear that he would never again mention her name with disrespect as long as he had breath.

Sir Francis Hincks, a Titled Defaulter.

[With Portrait.]

The Canadian bank defalcation, with which the name of Sir Francis Hincks has been connected, have given that gentleman a much wider notoriety than his title would probably have secured him in this country, at least, where he was unknown to fame until his alleged peculations showed that not all the crooked financial operations of that sort are conducted on this side of the line, and that even a British title does not always deter its possessor from indulging in that sort of monetary transaction. A full account of the defalcations in which the gentleman in question was involved has been heretofore published in the GAZETTE, as well as in the journals of the country generally. An authentic portrait of the titled defaulter in all the dazzling uniform and gold lace appropriate to his rank appears on another page of this issue.

A Society Elopement Scandal.

Miss Sickles, the only child of Daniel E. Sickles, late United States Minister to Spain, has eloped with an Englishman named McCarthy, the pair having fled to London. Miss Sickles is about twenty-six years of age, and is highly accomplished. It appears that her acquaintance with McCarthy had its origin several months ago while she was living in Paris with her stepmother and two stepisters, and that the affair culminated when General Sickles arrived in the French capital a short time ago for the purpose of bringing his family home to New York. McCarthy is said to have a wife now living, and his social con-

nections are very flimsy, indeed. On the escapade becoming known, after the first shock of surprise, General Sickles immediately formed a resolution to pursue the pair. He left for London, but on reaching that city all trace of the fugitives was lost. Securing the services of detectives, the father succeeded in discovering them, and swore out a complaint and had them arrested. As might be expected, the affair has created quite a sensation in American circles, both in Paris and at the English capital, where the lady was well known in society.

A Wife-Trading Arrangement.

The village of Union, near Binghamton, N. Y., is greatly excited over a double marriage ceremony which was performed there last week, the particulars of which have been made public. The parties were a Mr. and Mrs. De Forest Rose, a young man named Harris, aged about twenty-one years, and Sadie Bliss, who is about seventeen years of age. Mr. and Mrs. Rose have been married several years and have one child. About three weeks ago they were visited by the girl, Sadie Bliss, and a plan of mixing up marriage relations seems to have been agreed upon. How it was brought about is not explained, but a few days ago the four took a hack and drove out to Union. There a Baptist clergyman, the Rev. E. T. Bessy, was called upon, and Mr. Rose was married to Sadie Bliss and Mrs. Rose was married to the young man Harris. Afterward, when Harris was asked about the affair, he pleaded that he did not know that Rose was married to the woman said to be his wife; that, in fact, he had never inquired as to her relations with him, but that he loved her and intended to stick to her. Rose has since disappeared, leaving behind both wives, but Harris and Mrs. Rose continue to live together in Binghamton.

A Mother's Desperate Deed.

Twenty-two years ago Mary Bielew went from New York among several car-loads of poor children picked up in the streets and sent west for homes. She grew up in Hendricks county, Ind., and married Lewis M. Jones, a street car driver in Indianapolis. Jones got a divorce from her, with the custody of her children. Mrs. Jones escaped from Indianapolis and went to Brownsville.

To escape giving up the child she gave it a teaspoonful of arsenic and took a tablespoonful herself. The child died and she will probably die. Mrs. Jones is thirty-eight years of age.

The coroner's jury brought in a verdict that the child, Minnie Jones, came to her death by arsenic administered to her in pie and bread, purposely and wilfully, by her mother, Mary Jones. Mrs. Jones was immediately arrested and remanded to jail on the charge of murder in the first degree. She is very weak and is eating nothing.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

We present this week a capital portrait of Mile Angele, of the Grau French Opera Bouffe Company, who made their first appearance on American boards at the Fifth Avenue in September last. Mile Angele is one of the handsomest and most splendidly developed women that has ever appeared in the line of opera bouffe on our stage, while her voice and vivacious style of acting fit her most perfectly for the gay and dashing roles she assumes. As Mile Lange in "La Fille de Madame Angot" she really created a furore at the Fifth Avenue, and, familiar as the piece is to the great majority of theatre-goers, her impersonation of the character was really a new revelation of its possibilities. She is now, with the company, making a professional tour of the leading towns, and is making an equal hit wherever she appears.

A Crew Devoured by Sharks.

A canoe recently left Loma Loma, in the Fiji Islands, with twenty-five natives on board, bound for Tofoya. They were going about when a sudden squall sent the sail against the mast, capsizing the canoe. The unfortunate passengers clung to the canoe, and might have escaped with consequences no worse than those which would have attended discomfort and exposure, but for the fact that the capsizing occurred in a locality infested with sharks. These ravenous monsters seized their victims one by one, devouring twenty-three out of the twenty-five unfortunates whose lives were thus placed at their mercy. Of the two who escaped, one is a woman; but her situation is very critical, the whole of the flesh having been taken off one leg.

A Woman Convicted of Murder.

CARLEISLE, Pa., Nov. 19.—The conviction to-day of Mrs. Catharine Zell, of murder in the first degree, was wholly unexpected by those who heard the evidence in the case, although the prevalent sentiment of the community is that she poisoned Mrs. Kiehl at the instigation of some one who paid her for the work. Justice of the Peace Wynkoop, who is in prison for alleged complicity in the murder, is suspected of having been the inciting cause of the crime, because of his relations to Mrs. Kiehl, and the fact that he became the heir to all her property.

A Murderer's Light Sentence.

[With Portrait.]

Melvin Hanna, who, on June 4th last, murdered James Malone at Cadiz, Ohio, an account of which was given in our columns at the time, and whose portrait appears elsewhere in this issue, was arraigned for sentence in that place on the 3rd inst., and, to the general surprise, was let off with five years in the penitentiary.

A drunkard handed a bottle of whisky to his son for safe keeping, at Stanford, Ky. The boy dropped the bottle and broke it, spilling the liquor. The loss so enraged the father that he shot and killed the boy offender.

A DAMSEL'S DUPLICITY.

She Sails for New York From Her Distant Home to Fulfill a Long Pending Marriage Engagement, But

MEETS AN IMPEDIMENT

In the Shape of a Handsome Mariner, With Whom She Contracts a Temporary Arrangement

WHICH EVENTUALLY COMES TO LIGHT.

The suit for divorce brought by Horace N. Wild against his wife, Anne Haxton Wild, now pending before a referee in this city, has revealed the following spicy romance, as narrated by the *Mercury*: The parties are both natives of St. Johns N. B., and were married in Brooklyn on August 11, 1878, having been acquainted with each other from childhood. Mr. Wild was about twenty-eight years of age at the time of his marriage, and follows the calling of an engineer on one of the steamships plying between New York and Charleston, S. C. Mrs. Wild possessed substantial claims to notice. She was dark-haired, low-browed, medium-sized and pretty. Her *carre* reveals a woman whom many men would pronounce handsome and the remainder fascinating. Although she was but twenty when she became Mrs. Wild, her picture, taken next day in Philadelphia, shows a luxurious, large-armed woman, with big, bold eyes, who might have been a tragedy queen of twice her age. On the reporter remarking that the lady looked wonderfully developed for twenty summers, Mr. Wild's lawyer said: "I am informed she has always been a great lump of a girl." But this is neither here nor there. When the lady married she had a skeleton in the closet of her memory—a skeleton whose bones had not been properly bleached, and therefore very difficult to preserve.

It has been already said that the nuptials of Mr. Wild and Miss Haxton were celebrated on August 11th, 1878, and it has also been inferentially hinted that they proceeded to the Quaker City

ON THEIR BRIEF WEDDING TRIP.

But the reader must now be informed that the eleventh day of August was not by any means their predetermined wedding day. Filled with patriotism, inflated with the infectious centenary bliviation of the spring of 1876, he had written with his oil-smear hand and guavily asked Anne to "come on" to New York and be made his wife on the glorious fourth of that ever memorable hundredth year. And she had promised. What then stayed her? Now Miss Haxton was one of a family of poor but honest parents, and "Al," knowing this, sent her an ample post-office order, not only for her own traveling and contingent expenses, but also for her sister, whom Anne had always expressed a wish to have present when she was married. A woman always needs somebody present when she is about to take this fearful leap. Sometimes it is a cousin; sometimes "me aunt Jennie;" sometimes "me uncle Pete;" but she wants somebody to behold her cash her conjugal lottery ticket. The young lady whom Anne made a *sine qua non* should be present was her sister Emily, aged fourteen. Accordingly Anne wrote to her "Al" at the New York office that she and Emily would "be on hand" at the heart-floralizing centennial anniversary. Alas!

SHE WAS NOT ON HAND!

Although "Al," in a frenzy of passion and patriotism, had bought out a dry goods store, hired a minister, paid for six baskets of exhilarating champagne, trotted everybody he met along South street, got into a squabble with a policeman and had a narrow escape from being locked up all night, made flying visits to the Grand Central Depot in cabs, always riding outside beside the driver and insisting on an increased number of strokes to the minute, besides wanting to know the diameter of the cylinders, Anne never came that night or next day. It wanted two or three days, however, to the fourth. The ship would sail in the meantime, but what were ships and voyages, and land rats or water rats compared to young love and its fond dreams? He allowed the company the privilege of putting another man in his place, and he staid on hoping, waiting and looking at his new matrimonial garments. He telegraphed to St. John's to know the reason why. Although he said "Answer C. O. D.," all the information he received was a curt notification that Anne and Emily were on their way to New York "by sea."

In point of fact, the sisters Haxton had taken passage to this city by the schooner *Katie A.*, with the captain of whom they seem to have had some acquaintance, and who, Mr. Haine, the plaintiff's lawyer, suggested, most likely

OFFERED THEM A FREE TRIP.

Captain Alvan H. Telfer is said to be a singularly handsome mariner, with chestnut hair, eyes and beard, with a set of dazzling white teeth. He is said to be a splendid hornpipe dancer, a fair singer, and a first class narrator of a funny salt-water yarns. In age he may probably be about five and thirty.

The "Katie A." made a pleasant passage, and the captain was most assiduous in contributing to the enjoyment of his guests. The elder especially lent a grateful ear to his yarns and his blandishments, and when he, bewailing his single wretchedness, expressed the frenzied wish that he had been that fortunate fellow, it is more than likely that Anne's mind began to suffer a sea-change. Let it be remembered that she hadn't seen her Wild rose for over two years, and let it not be forgotten that a handsome lover with easy freedom and a gay address is a most powerful electro-magnet to be placed beside a sort of a susceptible Cleopatra in a coasting schooner on the wide ocean. At all events Miss Anne became totally immersed in love with the captain, and when the "Katie

A" came to anchor off South Brooklyn, the ladies went ashore with Captain Telfer, and then it was that Anne informed her sister that

SHE HAD CHANGED HER MIND.

In fact she was going to marry the master of the "Katie A." Albert Emily neither heard of nor assisted at any conjugal ceremony, her sister forthwith became Mrs. Captain Telfer. The name of Emily Haxton was entered on the roll of a registry office, and in a few days she became nurse girl in a respectable family, filled no doubt with wonderment at the uncertainty of mundane existence.

It is said the captain sailed again within ten days, without a cargo, proceeded to Bridgeport, and there loaded for Calais, Me., his new-found wife accompanying him. All this time a lady in New York city had been greatly interested in the movements of the schooner "Katie A." She had seen the staunch little craft among the list of arrivals, and she had received by District Telegraph Messenger fifty dollars, with a note that Captain Telfer had gone to Perth Amboy, N. J., and would not return for several days. After several days of guess, some meddling, inquisitive neighbor exchanged for the lady a newspaper in which the sailing of the schooner was chronicled. Whereupon she girt up her skirts, with a conviction that something was wrong

WENT ON THE HUNT.

It is not necessary to follow her wanderings. Suffice it to state that she contrived to lay herself alongside the "Katie A." in Calais, and presently boarded that craft in the absence of her commander. Complimentary epithets were exchanged in the cabin, and an exchange of physical courtesies on deck. But the new comer was no match for lusty, lithe Anne, and would probably have gone overboard had not the first officer interfered. Soon Captain Telfer boarded his vessel and piped the lugubrious strain of *see-saw*. Ring down the curtain! Prepare for the farce! The dove flew to New York per rail, and after waiting for several days, had the happiness of meeting her almost Wild betrothed, and was duly married to him, as hath been already intimated.

When Mr. and Mrs. Wild returned from their wedding tour to the Centennial Exposition, they hired furnished apartments on the west side, and not a mile from Nineteenth street. In the process of time Horace got another ship and proceeded to sea, leaving Anne a lady of leisure. She was fond of playing casino and eucure, and she found a willing and convenient opponent in the house. Dick was his name, and by occupation

A NIGHT BAR-TENDER.

Arriving home at 5 A. M., it had been his custom to sleep until 3 P. M., but after Anne became the tenant of the back parlor Dick used to rise punctually at 12, and proceed to Mrs. Wild's room to have a button sewed on, his shirt mended or the button-hole of his collar fixed. Later in the afternoon they attended a matinee or took a trip up to the Park. When the engineer returned from the ragging main harmony reigned. The Wilds were most regular with their payments, and it was nobody's interest to squeal. But when that handsome marine prodigal Telfer appeared on the scene jealousies and heartburnings arose. He would come creeping in, as alleged, after Dick had gone to labor and remain with Mrs. Wild for hours and hours. Then he manifested his appreciation of Mrs. Wild by offering her gifts. Item—A gold watch with necklace chain, and other not expensive gifts. The engineer did not object to those adornments, for the simple reason that he was told that they were purchased by his wife's savings, but they were as gall and wormwood to Dick, who had learned of Anne's long colloquies with this chestnut-haired marine friend. Hence Dick and Anne quarreled, and would not speak nor look at each other. Now in their delusive hours they both had made

SUNDAY AND MANFOLD CONFESSIONS.

Dick had boasted of his escapades among the girls, and Anne, not to be without the glamor of adventure, had told the story of her experience on board the *Katie A.* Hence the bar-tender's jealousy of the sailor and his anger. Alas for poor contemptible human nature! Dick sent the Wild engineer a letter exposing the whole matter, referring him to Miss Emily Haxton's address and the lady of the house for confirmation. The engineer took the letter to the office of Mr. E. Haines, Fulton street, the necessary investigations were effected and a suit for divorce began last December. The proceedings have hung fire since because Anne became domiciled in Hoboken, and the summons and complaint could not until three months since be served upon her. The proceedings at present are before a referee, and the testimony so far has revealed the facts herewith given.

Another Would-be Abraham.

The *Eureka* (Nev.) *Leader* learns that Cherry Creek has developed a rival to Freeman, the Pocasset Adventist, in the person of Hiram Chester. He is sixty years old, and has lived many years in Cherry Creek, where he was always regarded as a thrifty, well-doing man. One day last week he conceived the idea that the wrath of God was upon him, and that he must take the life of his youngest child in order to appease that wrath. Filled with this idea, he seized a carving knife and started for the school-house, about half a mile away, where his daughter was a pupil. Mrs. Chester, as soon as he had started, ran for help, and was fortunate enough to find two men, who hurried after and intercepted Chester before he reached the school-house, and these were soon joined by two other men. They hardly knew how to approach him, as he held the large carving knife in his hand; but he spoke to them and did not appear to be in an unusual frame of mind, except that he insisted upon slaying his little girl to appease the wrath that was consuming him. He gave up the knife, however, and remained with the men until a constable came, who took him to a place of safety, and from there he will probably be taken to Stockton. He still complains of the consuming wrath, but otherwise he is perfectly rational.

BUELL'S BOOST.

Gratifying Send-Off of an Exemplary Young Man Who Had Read the Bible Thoroughly and Had no Vices, But Whose Piety Did Not Prevent Him From Committing One of the Most Atrocious Crimes on Record.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 15.—At 10:45 o'clock yesterday morning Sheriff Clark touched the spring, and Myron A. Buell paid the penalty of his crime upon the scaffold. He had taken the life of Catharine Mary Richards, a young girl of Plainville, and his own was the forfeit. Cooperstown has not had a execution for over fifty years, still there was but very little excitement. Only about thirty people were allowed to witness the execution, and the residents of the place generally kept in-doors and a hush fell over the town.

Until within a few days Buell has kept up wonderfully. At his trial, in February last, he preserved a bold front. From the very moment he had been charged with the crime he declared, in the most solemn manner that he was innocent. He puzzled everybody, and even after he had been sentenced to death he

CALLED UPON GOD TO WITNESS HIS INNOCENCE.

After his counsel had appealed to the Governor in vain and he found that his last hope had gone, Buell weakened, and to the Rev. W. M. Miller confessed his guilt. In this confession the murderer gives the details of his crime. He worked on the farm of William Richards, at Plainfield, Otsego county. He became very much attached to Catharine, the farmer's daughter. She was a bright and pretty girl of fourteen, rather large for her age. She did not return Buell's affection, and this made him angry. On Tuesday, the 26th of June, 1878, Buell and another farm hand were at work, when Buell complained of a blister on his foot and left the field to change his boots. This was a mere pretext. He was gone some time, and when he returned told his companion that he had been chasing Richards' colt out of the lot in front of the house. That day Richards and his wife were out of town on a visit. There was no one at home but Catharine and a seamstress. Toward evening Buell and the other farm-hand, Bows, found Catharine's dead body in the barn in the stall of a young bull. Buell said that the girl had been gored to death, and he harnessed a horse and drove over to West Winfield to inform Mrs. Richards of the accident. He appeared very sorry, and at the funeral seemed to be overcome with grief. It was not long, however, before Buell—he was then a boy of twenty—was arrested. It appeared that Catharine had not been gored by the bull, but was choked. When Buell left the field on that afternoon in June he tried to

MAKE THE YOUNG GIRL SUBMIT TO HIS WIDERS.

Failing to do this he put a cord around her neck and twisted it, in order to render her partially unconscious. After the outrage Buell found that he had killed his victim, and to cover his crime dragged her body to the stall and threw it under the feet of the bull. The marks of the cord about the girl's neck betrayed him, and at the trial Bowen testified that Buell had explained to him how girls might be betrayed by just such methods as he had used. It was circumstantial evidence that convicted him. In his confession Buell protests that he had no intention of killing Miss Richards.

The wretched man spent most of his last night in prayer with his religious advisers. They left him at an early hour the next morning. Later his parents and sisters visited him in his cell, and the parting was a most sorrowful one. The death warrant was read to him, and Buell listened to it without showing much emotion. Meanwhile everything was in readiness for the final act. The jail and grounds were guarded by a military company, but their presence was not necessary. Buell was very weak, and had to be supported to the gallows by the Sheriff. Everything was done very quickly. The doomed man's legs were strapped and the Sheriff adjusted the rope about his neck, pulling the knot well under the ear. Then the black cap was drawn on.

CUTTING OFF THE LAST RAY OF SUNLIGHT.

Mr. Wells, the Presbyterian minister, offered a fervent prayer, in which he besought Divine mercy for the man who was about to die. The clergyman concluded his prayer and the Sheriff stepped to the front. "Have you anything to say?" he asked. An almost inaudible "No" fell from Buell's lips, and this was the last word he spoke. The spring was touched, and the body of the murderer shot up into the air and settled down again with a dull thud. Death was very easy. There were no violent contortions, and only a slight twitching of the muscles was noticed. In seven minutes the physicians announced that there was no pulsation, and in thirteen minutes Buell was pronounced dead. His body was handed over to his friends. The father of Catharine Richards, the murdered girl, is in town, attending the meeting of the Board of Supervisors. Buell sent for him to ask his forgiveness, but Richards would not go to see him.

Sensational Divorce Suit.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Nov. 13.—Through his attorneys, Spence & Arthur, Mr. John W. Wright, of Pleasant township, this county, filed his petition in the court to-day for divorce from his wife, Jane Wright, and thereby hangs a tale which has harrowed up souls. The petition alleges that John and Jane commenced sliding down the hill of life together last June, but when the mellow month of October arrived, John struck a sliver in the startling discovery that there was a new arrival under the family roof in the shape of a bouncing baby delivered by the wife, John thought this was p. d. q.—in fact, t. d. q. to suit him, especially when his wife confessed that Dr. Wildasin, a well-known physician of Plattsburg, this county, was the father of the child. Then there was a separation—the girl, formerly Miss Jane Runyan—going

home to live with her father. In consideration of these alleged facts, the plaintiff asks the court to dissolve the marriage contract, and hold his property free of any claim or dower of defendant. There is reliable information here that this suit is the partial legal outcome of a startlingly sensational scene which occurred recently, and is stated as follows: Dr. Wildasin, who was the girl's physician, was called to the house recently, and sprang into the house, buoyantly exclaiming, "How's the sick woman?" She bounced out and drew a revolver on him, accusing him of seducing her and attempting to procure an abortion. She demanded a settlement from him, and, with the "pop" leveled full at him, compelled him to sign an agreement to pay her \$300—\$150 in three days and \$150 in six months. Wildasin came here declaring his innocence, and saying he was frightened into signing the paper. Under the advice of physicians and an attorney, he refused to pay the money demanded, and says he will fight to the bitter end. He declares it attempted black-mail, and says the facts are that he was attending the sick girl for a lung difficulty when he discovered her interesting condition and, accused her of it. She attributed her troubles to a young man who shortly after skipped the country. She then accused Wright, who was compelled by the girl and father to marry her. After the latter discovered that he really wasn't "involved," and refused to live with her any longer, Wildasin was the next spotted, with the results stated. Whether any further legal proceedings in this complicated and unfortunate case will be set on foot remains to be seen.

FAMILY FELICITY.

Unmanly Retaliation of an Alleged Unfaithful Husband for the Application for Divorce on the Part of His Ill-used Wife.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Nov. 16.—A notice appeared in a morning journal several days ago, signed by James H. Moore, a well-known saloon-keeper, forbidding all dealers to credit his wife, Elizabeth Moore, or sell goods on her order, as he had the cash to pay for family supplies at all times, and desired to avoid running bills. There is something very interesting in this case of marital troubles, and your reporter is enabled to report them in full.

A complaint for divorce has been filed in the circuit court by Mrs. Moore, in which she states in substance the following: That she was married to the defendant on the 2d day of May, 1852, at Sandusky City, O.; that she is the mother of thirteen children by the defendant, four of whom are living; that Moore is a man of morose and brutal disposition, tastes and habits; and possessed of an ungovernable and vicious temper; that for more than fifteen years he has been accustomed to indulge freely in intoxicating drinks, and has been for a large part of the time in a semi-intoxicated condition, and

FREQUENTLY BEASTLY DRUNK.

That he been in the habit of calling her, in the presence of her neighbors and children, a prostitute, strumpet and other vile names, and charging her with adultery, all of which was false, and made to gratify his revengeful disposition; and that he has frequently beaten her without cause.

Her complaint charges that he has for the past four or five years been engaged in carrying on a drinking saloon in this city, and accustomed to associate with vile prostitutes, and that during the fall of 1878 and winter of 1879 he contracted a loathsome disease, which he communicated to her, whereby in the month of April last she became sick, and diseased in body and distressed in mind, and was compelled to employ physicians to attend her, and that she is still suffering

FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE VILE DISEASE.

She further says that she is fifty-one years of age, and has been a hard-working, frugal woman, and she is now compelled in her enfeebled health, humiliated and broken in spirit, and in her old age, to do her own house-work and take care of her family. She alleges that Moore is worth \$25,000, but he fails to make suitable provision for the support of his family; that she is entirely destitute of money or means to support herself, and she prays for a divorce and alimony.

This man is so well known here that an introduction is unnecessary. The remarkable complaint of his wife will serve to give an impression of what her judgment is in regard to him. He is the James H. Moore who parades the name of his wife in one of the newspapers of Lafayette, and warns the public not to give her credit. It is known that Moore was not aware of the filing of his wife's complaint for divorce until within the past few days. Mrs. Moore has retained Chase & Chase as her counsel, while John F. McHugh will appear for Moore. This promises to be a cause celebre, with all those racy and interesting adjuncts which usually are linked with the sensational.

A French Female Sharper's Trick.

A few weeks ago a fascinating *soi-disant* Marquise arrived at one of the best hotels in Paris, attended by her servants, who were remarkably reticent domestics. Madame la Marquise lived like "a lady of rank, who had lands and fine horses and cash in the bank," went out daily in a handsome hack, and patronized the leading shops. "Send the bill to the Marquise," she would say; "he will be here in a day or two." And when the hotel keeper summoned up courage to present his little account, she haughtily bade the wretch await her lord. One day after a round of shopping she told the coachman to go home, saying she would walk from the Tuilleries. But she didn't walk back to the hotel, and her boxes there are found to be nearly as valuable as those which Mrs. Rawdon Crawley left under similar circumstances in Paris. The jewellers she patronized, and who lost some \$10,000, are weeping and gnashing their teeth.

The president of a women's temperance society at Noblesville, Ind., publicly horsewhipped a man for tempting the husband of a member to drink.

Turned the Tables on the Teacher.

[Subject of Illustration.]

As the night school in public school building No. 1, at Concord and Adams street, Brooklyn, was breaking up on Tuesday night, 11th inst., and the boys were being formed in line to be marched out, John Regan, aged seventeen, made a disturbance by calling to a boy in another line to come over where he was. The boy started to obey, but was ordered back by Mr. Joseph M. Bacon, a teacher. Regan urged the boy to disobey the teacher, and at this Mr. Bacon struck Regan. Regan struck right and left at the teacher, and other boys joined in the fight. Mr. Bacon escaped



SIR FRANCIS HINCKS, THE TITLED CANADIAN DEFAULTER.

without injury, but Mr. William Fitzgerald, another teacher, who attempted to restore order, was surrounded by half a dozen boys, who tripped him, and when he was on the floor kicked him repeatedly, bruising him about the hips and body.

The boys lingered around the entrance, and several of them waited with cobblestones in their hands for the appearance of the teachers. A lady teacher, who was the first to appear, narrowly escaped being hit with a stone. The one policeman in the vicinity was powerless in the presence of so many boys. The teachers on whom the boys contemplated an attack escaped by a back way.



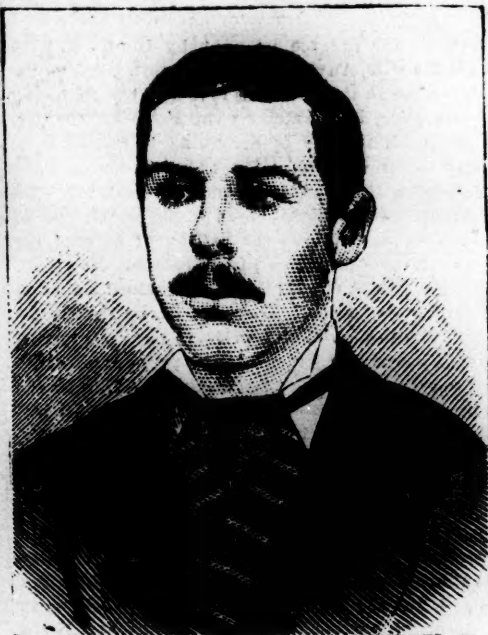
DIVERSIONS OF A DENVER DAMSEL—THE AWKWARD SITUATION CAUSED BY A MISCHIEF-LOVING MISS APPOINTING THE SAME HOUR AND PLACE FOR A SECRET MARRIAGE WITH HER TWO RIVAL LOVERS; DENVER, COL.—SEE PAGE 7.

Dainty Little Hands.

This afternoon, says the Richmond (Va.) State of the

11th, a gentleman returning from the fair grounds in a crowded vehicle felt his watch slipping out of his pocket. He clapped his hand to his timepiece and

was surprised to find that it came in contact with the hand of a well-dressed and pretty young lady who was sitting at his side. He looked around at her, and was nonplussed at seeing two dainty little hands, encased in beautifully-fitting gloves, which were crossed on her lap. He saw through the trick at once. The female was a pickpocket and the hands crossed upon her lap were false. The gentleman kept quiet until the vehicle had gotten well into town, when he told the female that she had better get out with him. She readily assented, the wagon was stopped and the two alighted. Upon reaching the sidewalk he told her that he intended to call a policeman and have her taken to the station house. She begged piteously for



MELVIN HANNA; UNDER FIVE YEARS SENTENCE FOR MURDER; CADIZ, O.

mercy, and by her seductive ways soon succeeded in getting the old gent to let her go free.

Advantage of Being a Count.

When the Count de Karemar pulled off his hat in a street car in San Antonio, Texas, the other day, \$210 in greenbacks dropped out. He was at once suspected of being the man who shortly before has robbed a safe at Centre Point, and was arrested. But he proved to be the cousin of Viscount d'Abbad French Consul at New Orleans, and, upon explaining that he always carried his money in the lining of his hat, he was released.



TURNED THE TABLES ON THE TEACHER—MR. WILLIAM FITZGERALD KNOCKED DOWN AND BADLY BEATEN BY HIS PUPILS FOR ATTEMPTING TO ENFORCE DISCIPLINE IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM; BROOKLYN, N. Y.



PLUCKING A PARSON—HOW REV. JAMES R. PAIGE, OF RUSHVILLE, ILL., FELL INTO THE HANDS OF SHARPPERS AND WAS TAKEN IN AND DONE FOR LIKE A COMMON SINNER; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 2.

A DECEIVER'S DOINGS.

Which Resulted in the Sad Undoing of a Handsome Young Girl and a Consequent Social Sensation.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., Nov. 11.—The little village of St. Omer is shaken from center to periphery by that much-dreaded visitation, a scandal in high life. The particulars just came to light yesterday, and burst upon the community like a peal of thunder in a clear sky. While the inhabitants are staring at each other in a dazed sort of way and the gossips are shaking their heads with an all-wise I told-you-so expression of countenance, your reporter has woven together the threads of the following sad story:

St. Omer is situated about twelve miles southeast from here, in the edge of Decatur county. It is a small town of only a few hundred inhabitants, but it is noted for the enterprise and intelligence of its citizens, and generally makes itself heard in the land. About a half mile west of the place lives a respectable well-to-do German farmer by the name of Valentine Hess. He has several children, and among the number a daughter named Anna. This young lady has just arrived at the fascinating age of "sweet sixteen," is a remarkably handsome brunette, well developed, somewhat voluptuous in appearance, and altogether is a

DECIDEDLY ATTRACTIVE PERSONAGE.

Though so young, and scarcely arrived at womanhood, Miss Anna seems to have been quite a belle in the vicinity of St. Omer. Among the number of beaux ensnared by her manifold charms was Mr. Herman A. Pierce. He is a young man about twenty-five years old and belongs to one of the best and most respected families of this section. His grandfather, with whom he has been living, is Colonel W. Pierce, one of the oldest and most influential citizens of Decatur county. So much for the chief dramatic personae, and now for the events which culminated in the grand scandal mentioned above and converted love's young dream of perpetual bliss into a reality of endless misery and shame.

Last Saturday night, very much to the astonishment and grief of her parents, Miss Hess was delivered of a bouncing, finely developed, ten-pound boy. I say to the "astonishment" of her parents, for, strange to remark, they never even faintly suspected their daughter's condition until the startling *denouement* took place, at which they were overcome with sorrow, shame and amazement. As soon as they recovered somewhat a council was held with their daughter, who informed them that Herman Pierce was the author of her ruin; that he had seduced her under a promise to marry, and that he was

THE FATHER OF HER CHILD.

On Sunday morning young Pierce was sent for, and upon his arrival had an interview with Miss Hess. When she asked him what he was going to do about it, he put on a look of injured innocence and replied that he didn't propose to do anything about it, and that she would have to look elsewhere for a sponsor for the offspring. After a sober second thought, however, Pierce informed the girl that he would give her \$200 now and marry her next summer. This offer she rejected, and thereupon the interview terminated. So matters stood until yesterday morning, when Miss Hess went before Squire Ridlin, a magistrate of the St. Omer neighborhood, and sued out a warrant for Pierce's arrest on the charge of bastardy. Up to this writing the constable has not been able to find his man, who has doubtless sought a more congenial clime. Miss Hess has placed her case in the hands of a lawyer, and suits for seduction and breach of marriage contract will be commenced at once. Owing to the youth and beauty of the plaintiff and the respectability and wealth on both sides the case will undoubtedly elicit extraordinary interest. Young Pierce has the reputation in his village of being a decided lady-killer, or, in country parlance, a



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—Mlle ANGELE OF GRAU'S FRENCH OPERA BOUFFE TROUPE.—SEE PAGE 2.

"mascher" of the first water. He was very popular with all the young ladies. The case has all the romantic elements and side incidents necessary to make it a first-class sensation, and the trial will be looked forward to with unusual interest.

Roughly Handled by Amazons.

[Subject of Illustration.]

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., Nov. 12.—Mrs. Sarah Sample, wife of Alexander Sample, who has gained quite a notoriety of late, created another sensation this afternoon. At the July term of the Court she brought suit for divorce, and also had an injunction served against Henry Jewett to prevent his getting possession of the family residence on a suit for ejectment. She remained in the house until the 1st of October, when she moved out, having dismissed the injunction and also the suit for divorce.

A few days ago Jewett leased the house for a month to Mrs. Mary Walter, a widowed daughter of Alexander Sample by his first wife, and Mrs. Mirabone, who proposed to open a boarding house. The party moved in on Monday with a girl named Belle Brooks as servant and Alexander Sample as a boarder. Mrs. Sample, who was stopping at the National Hotel since she left the house, worked herself up to the belief that Sample was too intimate with some of the household, and determined to take possession. She applied to Marshal Glass to protect her, and he went with her to the house at noon to-day, leaving her at the door. Mrs. Sample entered and announced to Mrs. Walter and Mrs. Mirabone that she had come to stay. They threatened to put her out, but this did not frighten the plucky little woman. After a couple of hours' worry, during which an effort to get a writ of ejectment failed, Alexander Sample went to the house and ordered Mrs. Sample to leave. This she refused to obey, and while Sample held his children Mrs. Mirabone, Mrs. Walter and Belle Brooks rudely seized Mrs. Sample by the legs and arms and dragged her to the front window, threw her out and then dragged her to the gate. The disgraceful scene attracted a large crowd, principally women, who were outspoken in their denunciation of the perpetrators of the outrage.

Mrs. Sample was found lying on the pavement in front of the house, complaining that her arm and limbs were badly injured. A carriage was sent for, and Mrs. Sample was lifted into it and conveyed to the hotel. The affair has created considerable excitement and some comment. Some think that if Sample had a room in the house that his wife had a right to occupy it. Others contend that she was a trespasser, and that the occupants had a right to forcibly eject her. The end is not yet.

A Tragedy Amid Festivities.

[Subject of Illustration.]

STRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 15.—A few nights since a dance was given at one of the hotels in the village of Jordan, and Roselle Graves, of Jordan, tried to raise a quarrel between John Engloff, of Elbridge, and a friend of the latter named Garrison. Failing in this, and spilling for blood himself, he said to Engloff: "Now look out, for I am going to hurt you," and seized the young man with one hand and with the other plunged a dagger into his neck just back of the collar bone. The physician now says that it is impossible for him to live, and his ante-mortem statement has been taken. The murderer was arrested and is in the penitentiary in this city.

Beast Buell's Body Stolen.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 17.—The body of Myron A. Buell, the murderer hung at Cooperstown last Friday, is reported to have been stolen from the cemetery at Clarksville, Saturday. The body was pulled out of the grave, put into a bag and placed upon a coal train of the Albany and Susquehanna road. An offer of \$50 was made for the body before the execution.



SHOT HER SEDUCER—MISS ANNA HOFF, A HANDSOME AND SPIRITED GIRL, TAKES A DEADLY VENGEANCE UPON CHARLES SCHEUBER, HER FAITHLESS AFFIANCED HUSBAND, FOR THE HEARTLESS VILLAINY OF WHICH SHE WAS THE VICTIM; NEWPORT, KY.—SEE PAGE 7.



ROUGHLY HANDLED BY AMAZONS—MRS. SAMPLE THROWN OUT OF A WINDOW BY MESDAMES MIRABONE AND WALTER AND MISS BELLE BROOKS, FOR ATTEMPTING TO INVESTIGATE THE CONDUCT OF HER HUSBAND: JEFFERSONVILLE, IND.

BEAUTY AND BOOTY.

A Big Society Boom Growing Out of a Scandal in High Life Which Convulses Cleveland, Ohio.

HEAVY DAMAGE SUIT

Brought By a Beautiful English Girl of High Home Connections Against a Prominent Physician, for Alleged Seduction.

INSIDE HISTORY OF THE CASE.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 14.—There is ready for trial here now the most important suit for damages that has ever occupied the attention of the courts of Cuyahoga county, and the trial will begin this next week. The interest will be intensified by the fact that it will bring into it so many people prominent in social circles, some of whom will be shown up in a decidedly unenviable light. The main facts involved have been generally known for some time, but the history of the case has never until now been consecutively told.

In the year 1874 Samuel Kimball, a wealthy young Cleveland, was travelling in Germany, and stopped at Dresden, where he became acquainted with Miss Emma Bobbitt. She was then a school-girl, and was being educated by her uncle, Mr. Taylor, proprietor of the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian. After a short courtship she became engaged to Kimball, and the following summer Mrs. Kimball went abroad, and, meeting her, was so pleased with her that she insisted upon her returning to America to marry her son. Miss Bobbitt was opposed in her wish to come by her relatives, and never has been recognized since by them because

SHE WENT AGAINST THEIR WISHES.

She arrived in America in December, 1871. In the meantime young Kimball, hearing of her coming, married another young lady, of whom he had become enamored shortly after his return from abroad. Mrs. Kimball then gave out that she had adopted Miss Bobbitt as her daughter, and placed her in her elegant home in this city. Possessed of pleasing manners and more than ordinary accomplishments, and having both a beautiful face and figure, Miss Bobbitt speedily became a great favorite in Cleveland society and was the recipient of many attentions from the set to which Mrs. Kimball, by reason of her wealth and culture, had the *entree*. She was then eighteen years old. Miss Bobbitt remained with Mrs. Kimball about a year, and then returned to Europe, where she spent a year in delightful travel with Mrs. Kimball's family. In December, 1873, she returned to Cleveland, although unaccompanied by Mrs. Kimball, and remained with various friends of Mrs. Kimball until the latter's return. During her stay in Europe she became acquainted with Mrs. D. W. Cross and her son, Henry, of this city, and accepted an invitation to make her home with them on her return. The Cross family were wealthy and influential people, and owned a handsome residence on Euclid avenue. Shortly after Miss Bobbitt returned to Cleveland she went to Dr. H. C. Scott, a prominent physician, for

TREATMENT FOR NEURALGIC TROUBLES.

She was relieved, and after remaining a few days went to Pennsylvania, where she spent several months with friends. In May she returned to Cleveland, and again became Dr. Scott's patient, and remained under his treatment for several months. In the summer of 1874 she accepted the Cross invitation and took up her home with them. At this time she was receiving some attentions from Dr. Scott and other young gentlemen of the city. A misunderstanding with the Crosses occurring, Dr. Scott ceased calling, although he occasionally met Miss Bobbitt out in society. After November, he claims, he had no further communication with her until the following June, when a lawyer approached him with reference to her condition, saying that she would soon have a child, and that Dr. Scott was the father. Dr. Scott indignantly denied the charge, and said he should defend himself to the last extremity from the charge. When urged by his friends to settle and avoid a scandal, the Doctor refused, saying he had no compromise to make, and would spend every dollar he had to defend his character.

In July, 1875, suit was begun in the Court of Common Pleas by Miss Bobbitt for breach of promise, alleging seduction and bastardy as an aggravation of damages, and claiming \$30,000. Society was greatly exercised, and for a time the public, influenced by newspaper articles, whose publication was procured by the plaintiff's friends, Dr. W. Cross and John Coon, believed Dr. Scott had been

GUILTY OF THE OFFENSE CHARGED.

Dr. Scott began at once the preparation of testimony for the defense, and spared none of his ample means to procure evidence showing the existence of a conspiracy to ruin and black-mail him. He first went to New York, and showed that she was engaged to another gentleman at the time she claimed she was engaged to him, and also that she had been guilty of questionable conduct on her return from Europe in 1873. In November, 1875, she attempted to abandon her suit and fled to Chicago, leaving her child behind in the care of the Cross family. Mrs. Cross had died the previous winter, but Miss Bobbitt had continued her residence with the family. Her child was born August, 1875, nearly a year after she had spoken to Dr. Scott.

On leaving for Chicago she left a letter to Dr. W. Cross, which she placed under his pillow, saying that she could not go through the trial, and not to send after her, but to settle the case somehow. They sent after her, however, and by certain representations induced her to return. About this time Dr. Scott hauled up about a dozen of young Henry Cross'

friends and took their depositions, and unearthed the fact that in the early part of 1875 Henry Cross had gone to Dr. Robert Bailey, a boyhood friend and companion, and had tried to get him to procure an abortion, but was persuaded from it, and when it came time for her to have her child sent her to Buffalo to be confined there. It was also developed by one of the housekeepers that she was the one who first discovered Miss Bobbitt's condition, and reported the same to Dr. W. Cross, and who said at the time from what she had seen going on in the house that his son Henry

WAS THE FATHER OF THE CHILD.

A niece of Mrs. D. W. Cross testified that while residing in his house in the winter of 1874-5 Miss Bobbitt was last sick after the ways of women about December 1, 1874, and that during the month of December she went almost every night to the room of Henry Cross, remaining different lengths of time, frequently in her night apparel. She also told of frequent wine and late lunch parties which the two had.

About this time also letters were captured from Dr. W. and Henry Cross, advising Miss Bobbitt how to testify.

During the winter of 1875-6 Miss Bobbitt again got into an interesting condition, and she and Henry Cross had a quarrel because he did not furnish her with money to get rid of the child. She repeatedly threatened to expose him, but finally matters were patched over. The Crosses, evidently seeing the danger they were standing in, persuaded her to commence a bastardy suit against Dr. Scott and had him again arrested. After a preliminary examination before a justice a defense was waived and bonds duly given. In the meantime they began to harass Scott by

GARNISHING HIS ACCOUNTS.

His medical practice was worth before the scandal from \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year, and, of course, immediately after began to diminish.

After her return from Chicago Miss Bobbitt lived with Mrs. Kimball, the child remaining at the Cross mansion.

In the spring of '76 the Crosses broke up house-keeping, and Miss Bobbitt and her child were sent to the house of Mr. John Coon, her attorney, to reside.

In the meantime Dr. Scott procured the additional testimony of a servant girl named Lizzie Kane, who swore to the criminal relations of Henry Cross and Miss Bobbitt, and to having heard Miss Bobbitt say to Henry Cross that he was the father of the child that she had sworn on to Dr. Scott. She was arrested for perjury at the residence of Henry Cross, but was cleared, as she was able to substantiate her story by other witnesses. Dr. Scott had her defended by Hon. John McSweeney and Judge A. M. Jackson.

Prior to this Miss Bobbitt had got rid of her second child by an abortion. On the trial both she and young Cross swore they had never had criminal relations, when at the very time she was pregnant with a third child, of which Henry Cross was subsequently proved to be the father. Things ran along into the fall, when

SHE CONDITION BEGAN TO SHOW.

She was then provided with money and sent away by the Crosses to have an abortion performed. This was accomplished in one of the neighboring towns. She went to Fremont and gave birth to a seven-months child, which lived a few hours and died. In the meantime young Cross had become engaged to a young lady in Peninsula, Summit county. When Miss Bobbitt learned this she immediately showed fight. The Crosses became alarmed, and Dr. W. Cross furnished her money and hurried her off to England, promising to provide for her and take care of her the rest of her life if she would never again disturb Henry. The suit against Dr. Scott for breach of promise was kept pending until he had unearthed the Fremont business and the bastardy suit for about a year longer. When the Fremont matter was exposed the first suit was hastily dismissed. Dr. Scott then began suit, claiming \$100,000 damages, and \$1,000 for garnisheing and attaching his accounts.

This suit has been kept pending since the summer of 1877, and will come to trial this next week.

Miss Bobbitt has returned from Europe, and now has made a full confession of the whole conspiracy, exonerating Dr. Scott and laying the entire blame upon Henry Cross as being the cause of the ruin of her life. Henry Cross is married, and lives at his father's home on Euclid avenue. He is worth in his own right about \$200,000, and his father is worth as much more. It is understood that letters of a very sensational character will be introduced in evidence. Dr. Scott has devoted a great deal of time and about \$20,000 in money in the preparation of his case. The case is a remarkable one in every respect, and the trial will probably reveal some of the most extraordinary examples of baseness and perjury ever developed in a court.

Atrocious Crime of a Black Brute.

[Subject of Illustration.]

DALLAS, TEXAS, Nov. 12.—A negro, name unknown, went to the camp of an emigrant, near Fort Worth, yesterday morning and outraged a white woman after knocking her down twice with a revolver. Her sick husband attempted to interfere, and was knocked down and left senseless. Citizens are scouring the country around Fort Worth for the fiend, and if he is caught he will be lynched.

A Hypocritical Pulpit-Pounder's Victim.

DES MOINES, Ia., Nov. 15.—Two weeks ago a well-dressed, refined-looking lady arrived at a hotel at New Sharon, and soon after gave birth to a beautiful child. She refused to give her name or whence she came, but says the father of the babe is a well-known Methodist minister in Ohio, able to support the wife, whose name will be given to whoever will adopt the child.

DOUBLE DESTRUCTION.

Melancholy Suicide of a Young Man and His Youthful Paramour, Whose Illicit Amour Gave Them no Hope of Being United Save in Death.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 8.—From a sensational standpoint Oakland is ordinarily as productive as an Arizona farm or an investment in Pictou. At rare intervals, however, the quiet burgh afflicts itself with a spasm of criminality unusually virulent, and by a social butchery of unique horror surrounds its municipal head with an aureole of sanguinary brilliancy, and appears to distance all competitors in a grand go-as-you-please race to the Old Nick. The latest and most remarkable event of this kind occurred on the 28th ultimo, when a boy of twenty and a girl of seventeen, the chief characters in a drama whose prelude had been the songs in the gaiter parlor of a palace of infamy and the finale a duel of pistol shots in a lodging house, were found lying side by side in the death which their own hands had wrought. The tale is a very peculiar one. Herbert L. Bouton was born in Illinois twenty years and eleven months ago. During the last eight years of that time he has resided with his parents in Oakland, his father being a well-to-do carpenter and an estimable citizen of that city. His career up to a few months past has been uncheckered by extraordinary vicissitudes. The event which caused his self-destruction was prepared for several years ago. His pristine affections became centered while at school in Oakland on a pretty and very worthy young lady, to whom, up to three months ago, he paid

CHIVALROUS ATTENTIONS.

All circumstances pointed to a marital fulfillment that was tacitly acknowledged on all hands, though no specific engagement existed. Two years ago the young man listened to the teachings of Rev. Dr. Hammond, the revivalist, and experienced a change of heart, which, however, did not alter his fealty to the subordinate goddess, whom he had previously learned to adore. He joined the First Methodist Church, and in every way conducted himself as an orthodox church-member and an upright young man. A year ago he left school, and, with domestic ambitions as a strong incentive, began a commercial career as clerk in Charles McCall's grocery store on San Pablo avenue, near Linden street, where he remained up to the 24th. His conduct was exemplary up to three months ago, when, through the introduction of a companion, he took the initial degrees in the fraternity known as fast young men. It was at this time that there dawned on his vision a young female of unusual feminine attractions, who, though younger in years, was infinitely superior in experience. She was the youngest inmate in a gilded cage for erring females, located at the corner of Seventh and Broadway streets, and presided over by one Madame Zoe. She was known as Verdi Moore, although her real name was Frances Woodworth. She had been sent by her mother, resident in Vallejo, to school at San Jose, along with two sisters. One of the sisters, Nellie, is located in a

DISREPUTABLE HOUSE IN MARTINEVILLE.

The family name was Woodworth, and after a brief career of infamy at San Jose Frankie, as Frances was familiarly called, migrated to Oakland, and after a few days' residence at the Eureka Hotel entered the establishment named as a regular inmate. Hitherto, in company with some less virtuous companions, young Bouton wandered one Saturday night last August. Home was soon forgotten and duties neglected, while Frankie became his inseparable companion. His passion was as chivalrous as it was controlling, for he desired to marry the girl, and attempted to wean her from her evil ways. The women of the house report scenes that must have been melancholy satires on religion, in which, in the midst of his career, he reasoned with Frankie on her course, told them that he was a member of the church and entreated her and them to repent and be baptized, the conclusion of the sermon being invariably a personal appeal to the object of his affections. His wayward course became known, and he received warning letters from his primitive and tearful inamorata. His mad infatuation—which, however, was almost equaled by that of his paramour—continued without abatement, and he paid no attention to remonstrances, parental and otherwise. Four weeks ago he disappeared for four days, and was only found finally by detectives

IN COMPANY WITH HIS IDOL.

After this dereliction he was very repentant, and promised better things. Where his money came from was a mystery, however, as his salary was only \$9 per week. His accounts were perfectly straight, and the girl had nothing but a very neat, though not expensive wardrobe. On the 24th he disappeared again, telling his parents he would be back in an hour. He met Frankie at the corner of Seventh and Broadway, and, taking a hack, went out to the Baxter House, where they spent the evening in drinking and revelry. He remained with her nearly all the time thenceforward up to their united death. On the evening of the 24th he bought a revolver from the watchman, one C. H. Carleton, and promised to pay him for it and the hack on the 27th. On the 28th last he received an epistle which probably had most to do with his rash act in the shape of a missive from the pained and neglected lady-love of his virtuous days, utterly discarding him. The letter was written by advice of the young lady's mother and father, the latter being an esteemed and popular physician, and had a deep effect on the wayward youth. It brought him face to face with his disgrace, and moneyless, despondent and madly involved in a love for which he could see none but the gloomiest of futures, he

DETERMINED ON SUICIDE.

The night before, with his paramour, he had spent in a room in the Nicholl House, at the corner of Ninth and Washington streets, after a second spree at the Baxter House. On the 28th he borrowed fifty cents from an acquaintance, and bought a vial of strychnine

With this, in company with Frankie, he returned to room 22 of the Nicholl House on the evening of the 28th. Shortly after 8 o'clock Mr. Nicholl, the proprietor, was called out of the office by a violent ringing of the hall bell, and found Frankie there with a white face and tearful utterance, informing him that "Bertie had poisoned himself." He went to the closed door of the room No. 22, and was about to open it when he heard, according to his own story, two clicks of a pistol trigger, which induced him to refrain from his attempt to enter, and instead to seek a policeman. He had not reached the bottom of the stairs—the room being on the first floor—before a pistol shot rang through the building. The two occupants of the room adjoining that of the suicide ran out into the hall just in time to see the young girl with a ghastly white, determined face, closing the door of the room. They had not taken three steps before a second shot echoed from the apartment, and

THEY ALL WERE STILL.

Going to the door in company with Officer Ranlett, who had arrived, and James J. Mannion, the porter who had summoned him, they found it locked. Climbing around by aid of a balcony to the window of the room the party saw a horrible sight. The bright gaslight from a jet on the west wall fell on two bodies lying on the bed. On the right stared the lightless eyes of the beardless young man, his head being propped up by the pillow, his features blanched in death, while a stream of blood that trickled from his mouth was soaking into the white bedspread. He lay on his back, and beside him, with her face turned upward and her feet hanging over the bedside, lay Frankie Woodworth, feebly groaning in her last agony. A beer can lay empty, the table bore a fashionable hat in ghastly discord with the rest of the tableau; the washstand bric-a-brac consisted of an empty vial, labeled "Strychnine-Poison." In a few moments the girl expired; having made a line shot through the heart by placing the muzzle of the pistol under her left breast. Her unfortunate companion was also at once through the heart, the ball having entered at the top of the breast and ranged downward. The weapon of death, with two chambers empty, lay between them. Both parties were fully dressed, and in this condition were removed to the morgue. Coroner McKenzie held an inquest on the 29th, and a verdict of suicide resulted in both cases. Bouton's parents are nearly heart-broken over the affair. They have two other sons, one aged twenty-four and the other sixteen. The young lady whom Bouton courted is also prostrated with grief, and the city is deeply sympathetic over the dreadful affair. The morgue was thronged all day with visitors, and the appearance of the very young face of the lad and the equally fresh and innocent-looking features of the girl will not soon be forgotten by those who gazed on them.

A WOMAN'S FRIGHTFUL DEATH.

Horrible Mystery of a California Estuary Involving a Probable Murder.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 3.—Another mystery, and one whose dark facts are made still more somber by the cloud of possible murder, is agitating Oakland. At intervals all through the night of the 21st of October the residents of Oak street, along the borders of the creek, near the railroad bridges, heard faint, far-off outcries, apparently of a woman's voice, that seemed to come from the waters about midway between the two shores. They were faint, though piercing, and the sleepers at General Kirkham's and Fallon's places, who were awakened by them, looked out at the black inhumanity of the night, listened to the wailing of the rising tide against the piles, and concluding to relegate the investigation of the mystery to some less comfortably situated philanthropist, retired to bed. Shortly after daybreak on the morning of the 21st a man named Reichart and a woman, while crossing the Eighth street bridge, were horrified to see a woman clinging to a pile about five feet above the mud, some distance from the local railroad bridge—three hundred feet distant.

PEREYLY CRYING FOR HELP.

They returned to the shore for a rope, and with the assistance of a Chinaman went out to rescue her. Before they reached her she was seen to fall back suddenly upon the bed of black slime. When the Chinaman climbed down the pile and with difficulty plowed his way to her, rope in hand, it was found that exhaustion or the black ooze had proved her death-bed, and the lips that had shrieked for help through all the long night were forever stilled. The Chinaman fastened the rope about her shoulders, and, climbing back to the bridge, aided the man to drag her up. The sight was horrible. Her appearance, age and almost her sex were for a time a mystery, for the white face, pinched with agony and exhaustion, was bedaubed all over with black mud, the head of long, brown hair, from which the hat had fallen, was a mass of foul-smelling creek sediment, and neck, skin and dress, underclothing and feet were all alike black painted with the tenebrous mire that had wearied and frightened her into a long drawn out and

MOST TERRIBLE DEATH.

She was taken to the Morgue, and when disrobed and washed appeared to be an ordinary-looking woman of thirty-five, of medium height, and weighing about 140 pounds. The complexion was fair, the eyes blue and the hair dark brown. She lay there a day or two, and, no one appearing to identify her, she was buried on the following Sunday. The horror of her death, the mystery attaching to her personality, and all the attendant circumstances, shrouded the affair with the deepest interest, but no clue to her identity appeared. The theory of suicide was not tenable, in view of the long struggle for life, which lasted from 12 o'clock till after dawn, and other indications. When she was pushed off or jumped from the bridge the high tide prevailing at the time gave a depth of nine or ten feet to the water under the bridge. Her hands were frightfully lacerated from claspings the barnacle-covered piles.

A MARKET FOR MURDER.

History of the Infernal Conspiracy to Kill the Poor Old Imbecile, Baber, to Obtain the Insurance on His Life.

COLD-BLOODED COMPACT

Entered Into By the Six Assassins of Indiantown Gap, Which has Thus far Brought But Two of Them TO THE FATAL GALLIOWS TRAP.

[With Illustrations and Portraits.]

LEBANON, Pa., Nov. 14.—Charles Drews and Franklin Stiehler were hanged to-day for one of the blackest crimes that darkens the pages of Pennsylvania criminal history, which shows over fifty exulted murders the past eight years. In a small hut on the northern frontier of this county, inhabited by very ignorant and immoral people, there resided, in company with a hag known as Polly Kreiser, an old man named Joseph Baber. He subsisted on the charities of his neighbors, and had scarcely enough clothing to decently cover his person. This poor fellow Israel Brandt, Josiah Hummel, George Zechman and Henry F. Wise singled out as a good subject for insurance and subsequent murder. The chief conspirator was Brandt, a one-armed man, who had for years kept an unlicensed grocery on the mountain, where the baser sort were wont to congregate. He made known his speculative scheme to Hummel, Wise and Zechman, fit associates of the ringleader, and they readily entered into it. Charles Drews, aged about sixty years, was selected to drown the unsuspecting Baber, who expressed his willingness to be insured for any amount in the interest of the conspirators, under the inspiration of a promise that he should never want for the necessities of life. The four men accordingly had made out policies aggregating \$30,000, which they were

TO RECEIVE AT THE DEATH OF THE INSURED. The applications were made in August, 1875, and on the evening of the following 7th of December the dead body of the old man was found in Indiantown creek, about one hundred yards from the residence of two of the murderers. Death proofs were soon after made out in the presence of the conspirators, but the money was never paid because of a suspicion that Baber had been murdered. A searching investigation was instituted, and facts were soon developed showing, beyond a doubt, that the old man had been forcibly drowned, and the authors of his death were Stiehler, Drews, Brandt, Wise, Hummel and Zechman, and they were arrested. A number of persons outside this party had knowledge of the intended murder of Baber, and one had seen the crime committed, but, owing to threats repeatedly made that if they revealed this secret they would be shot, they kept their lips sealed for several months, except among those concerned in the plot. The first person who gave the insurance companies interested, and the authorities, important revelations relative to the crime, was Joseph Peters, a young man who is married to one of Drews' daughters. He had been in the army, and coming home on a furlough was fully apprised of

THE SCHEME TO MURDER BABER.

Shortly before the commission of the crime, while chopping wood in the mountain, his father-in-law approached him with a proposition to make "a nice pile of money without stealing." He said that Brandt had offered him \$600 if he would drown the old man, and that he had agreed to do the job. He, however, desired assistance, and suggested that Peters should come to his rescue. Peters says he refused to have anything to do with the murder, when Drews threatened to shoot him if he disclosed the conversation. Drews had also asked Elijah Stiehler, a young man of twenty, to aid him in the proposed drowning, offering him \$100 if he poled the flat—in which it was proposed to take Baber—on a saw-mill dam several miles distant. Brandt was in doubt whether Baber could be induced to make the trip, but Zechman said that he had the old man in tune now, and that a simple statement from him that his wife was hungry for fish would be sufficient to induce Baber to go along. Brandt afterward saw Elijah Stiehler and urged him to accept the proposition made him by Drews, who was to throw the victim into the water, after which Stiehler was to pole the flat over the drowning man, preventing him from coming to the surface, and then jump in as if to rescue Baber—all for the purpose of getting up a

THEORY OF ACCIDENTAL DROWNING.

Stiehler refused the bribe, and he, too, was told that if he exposed the plotters his life would pay the forfeit for indiscretion. The murderous mission was undertaken, Joseph Peters accompanying Drews, according to the latter's confession made a few months ago, but Baber was not drowned owing to Drews' lack of courage. The next plot formed was to drown the old man in Indiantown creek, and to assist him in the work he employed Franklin Stiehler, twenty years old last month, offering him \$100 for his services. Stiehler had previously been solicited to commit the murder by Brandt, but, for some reason, the negotiations were not pressed to a successful issue. On Saturday, Dec. 7, 1875, Drews paid several visits to Baber's hut, and during the afternoon lured him into his house where he made an arrangement to accompany him to the other side of Indiantown creek to get some meat. Joseph Peters heard the two leave the house, and, looking through a dingy window of the attic, saw them and Franklin Stiehler proceeding by a small path toward the stream the shores of which are connected by a narrow foot-bridge. When Baber had reached the middle of the creek, Stiehler caught him by the shoulders, tripped and threw him into the water. Soon after they returned to the Drews' resi-

dence, having accomplished their murderous purpose. All their

MOVEMENTS WERE WATCHED BY PETERS.

As Stiehler's clothing was soaked with water, by reason of the difficulty he had in keeping down the head of the struggling victim, he exchanged it for some belonging to Drews on the return of the murderers to the house. In the presence of Peters, Stiehler remarked that if any one came into the house care should be taken that the wet clothing was removed. Later in the day Stiehler returned to Drews' residence and inquired if the reports that Baber had been drowned were true, to which Drews replied in the affirmative, stating that he had seen the old man falling into the creek from a window in the house. About a week later Stiehler was a visitor at Drews' and while there both of them, speaking loud enough to be heard by Peters and Drews' family, talked boldly of the crime, remarking that it required their combined efforts to drown Baber. Prior to the commission of the crime Drews had told his wife that he was to get \$1,500 for killing Baber, which elicited the response that he might be cheated by those who employed him. This conversation occurred in the presence of Mrs. Peters, who made use of it when called as a witness for the commonwealth.

Early in February last Joseph Peters made information against the four conspirators, and the two actual participants in the crime, and the following April they were convicted, after an eventful trial of seven days. The testimony against all the accused, except Zechman, was overwhelming. The principal witnesses against Drews was his own daughter and her husband, whose testimony was not shaken by the most searching cross examination. Their statements have since been corroborated by Drews and Stiehler in confessions made a few months since.

Rough on the Cashier.

M. Edmond G., who lives in the Rue des Appenines, and is cashier of one of the large private banks, writes a Paris correspondent, went off on a Saturday recently to Ecouen in search, he said, of some part-ridges. Sunday ought to have been sufficient, but it was not, for then Monday came, and then Tuesday, and, although the evening had brought a well filled hamper to Madame G., her husband had not made his appearance. She thought nothing of the delay, but the banker did, for Edmond had taken away with him the key of the safe, and, as cashiers had been uncommonly unfaithful of late, the capitalist feared that the like fate had befallen him. So he went to see the lady, who suddenly remembered that her spouse had taken 200 francs from the house money, and had sat up very late during all the preceding week on the pretext of extra work at the office. "Not a word of it is true," said Mr. X. "He never came to the office after 6 p. m. He has absconded. The safe must be broken open that I may know the worst at once." So a locksmith was sent for and a strong lock forced, and there was found not only the money, which was all correct, but a voluminous and remarkably erotic correspondence, wherein the cashier was called "Big Bow-wow," "Duck" and "Chatter." I can't translate "chatter," as I have done "gros loulou," for the epithet is incomprehensible even to the most learned Gaul. The document can be imagined. Edmond came back on Wednesday, and had a bad time of it with his chaste spouse, to whom he was obliged to confess that his *permis de chasser* was only a *passaport d'amour*, intended to conceal the real cause of his absence from the conjugal domicile. They made it up, however, but the license was destroyed then and there, and the delinquent, as I have said, called at several newspaper offices to request that the true tale of his adventure should be reported, so that the reports circulated against his probity might be contradicted.

Diversions of a Denver Damsel.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Colorado's youthful but vigorous city of Denver has among its other notable characters and character istics a young lady who is remarkable for her fondness for practical joking and her reckless means of procuring suitable subjects for gratifying her propensity in this direction. Being gifted with a remarkably handsome face and form and an attractive presence generally, she is, not unnaturally, much sought after by the opposite sex, notwithstanding her kittenish vivacity and fondness for tormenting her victims. Two of her admirers having rendered themselves especially conspicuous by their attentions, which she received with such equal impartiality that each thought himself the favored one, she bethought herself that the fact might be made to yield her a rare bit of amusement. She therefore engaged herself to each to marry him secretly at an appointed place and time, but, unknown to the hapless suitors, named the same for both. Promptly on time, therefore, the pair of expectant bridegrooms met but waited in vain for the expected bride, and were greatly disconcerted when the motive of their meeting became known, all of which was meanwhile hugely enjoyed by the fair deluder from her place of safe concealment. For a time hostilities appeared to be imminent between the rival candidates for matrimony with the same girl, but they finally came to an amicable understanding and a mutual agreement to despise the fair but false little joker.

John Crawford, Alleged Rapist.

[With Portrait.]

On another page we give a portrait of John Crawford, a prominent young business and society man of Richmond, Ind., whose elopement some two years since with the young daughter of a wealthy citizen formed an engrossing local sensation and who has recently been again brought into notoriety in connection with a still heavier sensation, namely, an alleged rape perpetrated, it is charged, upon Miss Lizzie Able, a handsome girl of fifteen, acting as nurse-maid for his wife, in his own house, in the absence of the latter, a full account of which was given in our preceding issue.

SHOT HER SEDUCER.

A Handsome and Spirited Girl Takes the Law in Her Own Hands to Avenge the Cruel Wrong Inflicted By the Heartless Villainy of Her Affianced Husband.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CINCINNATI, Nov. 17.—On Friday last Anna Hoff, a young Newport girl, daughter of a widow, shot and killed her faithless and undeserving affianced husband, Charles Scheurer, in a most deliberate and premeditated manner. The shooting occurred at the saloon of Ferdinand Techechteln, in Newport, in a room back of the bar-room, with only her brother Tony as a witness. The wife of the saloon-keeper with the long same given above says that Anna and her brother called shortly after 5 o'clock that morning to see Charley, who boards there. He was not yet up, but when he had dressed and descended to the room where Anna and her brother were she left them together. In five minutes she heard a pistol shot, and, running to the room, found Scheurer on the floor and Miss Hoff and her brother standing over him. Miss Hoff said to her, in an excited manner:

"HE BETRAYED ME, AND I SHOT HIM."

They then left the house, as they said, to give themselves up. They kept their word. The sister and brother, after their work of vengeance, went straight to the superintendent of police and thence to jail. There Miss Hoff told her story thus:

"I am twenty-one years old. Scheurer has been visiting me about eight months, and on the 21st of June last we were engaged to be married, and he gave me a ring, which I now have. You can see it is engraved 'C. S. to A. H.' On the night of July 26, on the faith of his promise of marriage, he seduced me, and not many weeks thereafter I found that I would become a mother. I went to him and told him, and asked him if he would not marry me as soon as he could, as I was afraid it would soon be discovered. He told me that he could not then, but would do so as soon as his business affairs were arranged. Subsequently he purchased a saloon in Cincinnati, 17 Elm street. I again went to see him, and again he made excuse, saying he was not yet able. My brother Tony then went to see him, but he was not doing well enough just yet. I was now growing anxious, as three months had passed; and

"I WAS SHOWING SIGNS."

Last Thursday I called to see him again, and asked him if he ever intended to marry me. He said he did not know. I told him I would call to-morrow morning (this morning), and if he did not give me some hope I would take the matter in my own hands. I went this morning, as I told him, and took my brother along. We called at his boarding-house, and were shown to the room just back of the saloon, where we waited until Mrs. Techechteln went up stairs and awakened him. In about five minutes he came down, and, walking into the room, asked me what I wanted. I told him I came to see what he was going to do about that matter. He said that he did not know. I then asked him again, and was given the same answer. Then for the third and last time I demanded that he marry me. He turned his right side toward me, and, shrugging his shoulder, said that he did not believe he would ever marry me. At this I cocked a pistol my brother had given me about a year ago and pointed it toward him under my shawl and fired. The bullet passed through the shawl and then struck him, and he fell to the floor. My brother had nothing to do with the shooting whatever, and only

"PULLED ME BACK WHEN I FIRED."

The above story was told with a clear voice and without any signs of emotion until she came to the shooting. The exact words she used when the shot was fired were, "I was a decent girl until you seduced me, and now you will not marry me. I will put this bullet in you."

Tony Hoff, the girl's brother, corroborated the story as given above, and added that he had called more than once on Scheurer, asking him to marry Anna to save her from disgrace. Scheurer said he would, but pleaded that he was not able to marry. He had recently fitted up a saloon at 5 Nycamore street, Cincinnati.

Miss Hoff is twenty-one years old, a handsome, well-formed brunette of the most positive type. The post-mortem examination disclosed the fact that Scheurer was suffering from a loathsome venereal disease, and subsequent examination showed that he had communicated it to Miss Hoff. This had the effect to turn the tide of popular sympathy in favor of the girl. It would be hard to find a jury to say she did not treat him just right. Miss Hoff continued to say that she did not regret the deed. She said Scheurer knew it was coming, but would not believe her.

A preliminary examination in the case was held this afternoon before two magistrates, and she was discharged from custody. A nolle was entered in the case of her brother, who had been arrested as an accessory.

An Old Crime Revealed.

Superintendent Walling received a dispatch a few days ago from Chief Kirkpatrick, of San Francisco, asking if a named William Burke was wanted in this city for murder. The records were searched, and it was ascertained that on the 12th of June, 1877, Alice Strickland, aged twenty-eight years, was stabbed and killed at 73 Delancey street, by her lover, William Burke, alias "Stacey." It was also found that Burke had never been arrested. A telegram containing the above information was sent to the San Francisco authorities. Another dispatch was received by Superintendent Walling from Chief Kirkpatrick to the effect that a man named Burke, believed to be the one in question, had been arrested and was held to await a requisition. An officer was at once detailed to procure the necessary papers and proceed to San Francisco and bring Burke back.

It will be remembered that on the 12th of June,

1877, William Burke, alias "Stacey," an alleged thief, quarrelled with Alice Strickland, at 73 Delancey street. He was, as was alleged, drunk at the time. The wrangle was brought to a close by Burke's plunging the blade of a large clasp knife in the woman's side. After the stabbing he escaped and the police were not informed of the occurrence for several days. The wounded woman was then dying, and in her ante-mortem deposition she charged Burke with being the assassin. She died on the 23d of June. Search was made for Burke, and an indictment was found against him by the grand jury. He was traced from place to place, but the detectives could not lay hands on him. Months after the murder it was reported that he had left the country, and on that account the search for him was abandoned.

A PRECOCIOUS MURDERER.

He Rises From Beside His Cousin at Night to Butcher Her in Her Bed in Revenge for Her Brutal Treatment.

[Subject of Illustration.]

SHEKESPEARE, La., Nov. 13.—A terrible murder has just occurred near this place which bids fair to remain memorable as one of the most horrible in the annals of crime in this section. Mrs. G. W. Keesee, the victim, was about twenty-six years old and quite handsome, but from all accounts had a devil of a temper. The murderer, Tommy Moore, her cousin, is but fourteen years of age. He had been living with her about a year and a half, and had been so brutally treated that his senses almost deserted him. He said that Mrs. Keesee had been in the habit of whipping him terribly without any provocation, using the tongue or anything nearest at hand. On one occasion he ran away, but was caught, brought back and terribly beaten. His body, when examined by the coroner, was found to bear the marks of her violence, the back being terribly lacerated. The tragedy occurred at what is known as Hog Thief Point, fifteen miles distant, and young Moore was brought here yesterday. To Coroner Weaver he gave the following account of the affair:

That his cousin had whipped him and cut him all to pieces last Monday; that whenever he ran away he was brought back and severely whipped; that on Tuesday night he went to bed, as usual, in the same bed with his cousin and her little boy, aged six years. After getting into bed he began to think about how she had treated him, and

HE CONCLUDED TO KILL HER.

That he got up easy out of bed and went to the woodpile, about thirty yards from the house, and got the ax, which he had been using the evening before in cutting wood; that he went back into the room, and around her side, and struck her six or seven blows with the ax; the only words she uttered were "Oh, Lord!" when he struck her the first blow; that he then went out of the room and set the ax against the side of the house; he then went back in the room and struck a light—a small lamp—and with it went to the bedside and looked at the places where he had struck her; he then awoke her little boy, who was lying by her side, and, saturated with her blood, carried the little boy out into the yard, where he put on his own clothes and dressed the boy; that he broke the string that fastened the window and opened the window, and he even put mud on the logs on the outside upper window, so as to make it appear that someone had entered the house by the window and committed the horrible deed; he then went over to Matilda Williams' house and awoke her, and told her that someone had

KILLED HIS COUSIN MOLLY WITH AN AX.

At that time he says he heard the clock strike 12. He said the dead horse reared up and ran into the bushes with him and scratched his leg. He said he would like to have staid on the place a few days, that he would have gotten all that butter and brought it to town and swapped off to somebody for a shot-gun.

Afterwards, when the inquest was in progress, the boy denied his confession under oath, and told a circumstantial story to show that the murder was committed by some one who broke into the house at night. The Coroner's jury, however, accused him in their verdict of the crime. This morning Moore was taken before Squire Carter, and committed to jail to await the action of the Grand Jury. The boy showed remarkable nerve and firmness, especially for one so young, for he cannot be over fourteen or fifteen years of age. Not a quiver or motion was exhibited when under examination before the Coroner's jury. The most rigid cross-examination could not shake his testimony as given before the jury, nor did he show the least tremor nor nervousness. While his photograph were being taken he stood so still that even the hairs on the arms were plainly taken in the picture. He said that he was glad his cousin was dead, and not only appeared careless, but showed real satisfaction over the matter. In spite of the brutality of the deed, much sympathy is felt for the ill-used orphan, who knew nothing but work, work, and was brutally beaten almost daily. The scene in the house was a horrible one. There must have been at least two gallons of blood on the bed.

Revolted Outrage on a Young Girl.

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., Nov. 16.—The revolting facts of an outrage perpetrated upon a daughter of Mr. Gray, a resident of this place, have just come to light here, having been kept a secret through delicacy of feeling. Two villains entered the house and opened an oil-cloth valise, and offered to sell steel for sharpening knives. On finding that the girl, thirteen years old, was alone, they bound her mouth and tied her hands and took her up stairs, where they tormented her for two hours, not only whipping her to tell where they could find money, but outraging her person, inflicting upon her other indignities which can not be described. A good reward is offered for their arrest. They were about twenty-six years old, had smooth faces, one wearing black clothes and a soft blue hat, and the other gray clothes and a cap.



INFAMOUS OUTRAGE BY BURGLARS—MRS. PFIPPINGER TORTURED BY MIDNIGHT ROBBERS, WHO HOLD A LAMP TO THE SOLES OF HER FEET TO COMPEL HER TO DISCLOSE WHERE SHE KEPT HER MONEY; CHICAGO.—SEE PAGE 13.



BOUND TO BE BAD—A WAYWARD GIRL'S DETERMINATION TO GO TO THE DEMNITION BOW-WOWS TEMPORARILY BAULKED BY A FORMER FRIEND WHO ENTRAPS HER INTO AN INTERVIEW WITH HER FATHER IN THE BAGNIO IN WHICH SHE HAD CHOSEN TO RESIDE; ST. LOUIS.—SEE PAGE 10.



A TRAGEDY AMID FEMININITIES—ROSELLE GRAVES, FAILING TO RAISE A FIGHT BETWEEN JOHN ENGLOFF AND HIS FRIEND, AT A DANCE, INDIGNANTLY STABS THE LATTER FOR REFUSING TO AFFORD THE DESIRED ENTERTAINMENT; JORDAN, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 5.



A BIT OF JUSTIFIABLE BULLDOZING—MISS JENNIE WHITMAN FORCES ENGINEER JOHNSON TO ACKNOWLEDGE A SLANDER AND TO SWEAR, AT THE MUZZLE OF A REVOLVER, NOT TO REPEAT IT; JACKSON, TENN.—SEE PAGE 2.



BUELL'S BOOST—A HIGHLY SATISFACTORY INSTANCE OF LEGAL VENGEANCE—EXECUTION OF MYRON A. BUELL, THE EXEMPLARY YOUNG MAN, FOR THE ATROCIOUS OUTRAGE AND MURDER OF CATHARINE M. RICHARDS; COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.—[SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE GAZETTE.—SEE PAGE 3.

A FRENZIED WOMAN'S FRIGHTFUL ACT OF SELF-DESTRUCTION.—MRS. MEYERS CREMATED HERSELF ALIVE BY POURING KEROSENE OVER HER CLOTHING AND IGNITING IT, IN A FIT OF DESPAIR AT THE SUPPOSED ILLEGALITY OF HER RECENT MARRIAGE; MEMPHIS, TENN.—See Page 10.



HORRIBLE DEED OF A PRECOCIOUS ASSASSIN.—THOMAS MOORE, A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY, BUTCHERS HIS COUSIN, MRS. MARY KESSE, WITH AN AX WHILE ASLEEP IN BED BESIDE HER CHILD, IN REVENGE FOR ALLEGED BRUTAL TREATMENT AT HER HANDS; NEAR SEHEVEPORT, LA.—See Page 7.



CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses
Against Person and
Property.

MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

Remarkable Revelation of a Sixteen
Year Old Murder Mystery Through
the Murderer's Dying Confession.

FIENDISH WORK OF CHICAGO THUGS.

MURDERED BY FOOTPADS.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 16.—Frank Davis, a painter, was to-night attacked by unknown persons on the road near Blue Ball, Butler county, O. His head was crushed with rocks, and his murderers escaped after robbing their victim.

PROMPTED BY RUM.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 16.—A negro, named Pet Hawkins, was shot at Spartansburg last night, by Thomas White (white), of Cowpens, and died almost instantly. White, who says he was intoxicated and knows nothing about the affair, has been committed for trial on the finding of the coroner's jury.

BEATEN TO DEATH BY THIEVES.

LANCASTER, O., Nov. 16.—John Graf, a German farmer of this vicinity, was attacked while on his way home on Saturday night, robbed of \$30, and so badly beaten that he died at 2 o'clock this morning. He recovered consciousness sufficiently to name Jack Rouch as one of his assailants. Rouch and five others were to-day arrested and charged with the crime.

AVENGED HIS SISTER'S WRONGS.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 14.—James P. Ferguson killed J. H. Coombs, in Main street, Hopkinsville, Ky., last evening. Ferguson went to town to compel Coombs to marry his sister, whom he had betrayed. The latter refused, and Ferguson bought a double-barreled shotgun, loaded it with buckshot and shot Coombs as he was standing in the door of his store. The shot entered the back of Coombs' head, killing him instantly. Ferguson gave himself up, and says that he does not regret the deed.

PROBABLE MURDER.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 18.—An inquest was held this morning on the body of Daniel Bourke, who was run over by a train on the Allegheny Valley Railroad, at Twenty-eighth street, in this city. The verdict was accidental death, but this evening it looks as though Bourke had been murdered. When found, the body was cold, and on one side of the head was a deep gash, as if made by some sharp instrument. The wheels of the train only amputated the head, which lay between the rails. From the position of the body persons who saw it believe the man was foully murdered and placed on the track.

THE SOLDIER'S HOMICIDE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 18.—Kopp, the soldier, who was taken from a cistern at Fort Adams on Sunday morning, died to-day in the post hospital. Corporal Nicholson, Battery F, First Artillery, has been arrested on suspicion of causing Kopp's death, he having been the last person known to be in company with the deceased. How much evidence there is against this man is not known. It is stated that Kopp owed Nicholson about six dollars, and that this was the cause of the difficulty. When Nicholson was placed in the guard-house he said, "My God, my God, can it be possible that I am suspected of committing this horrible deed?" The case will be presented to the grand jury and the prisoner turned over to the state authorities. Kopp, the murdered man, will be buried to-morrow with military honors.

MURDERED IN HIS HOUSE BY BURGLARS.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 14.—This morning at 4 o'clock burglars broke into the residence of P. J. E. Hensley, on DeKalb street, by prying open the basement window. They went up to the second floor, where Mr. Hensley and wife were asleep and were ransacking the house, when the latter was awakened. She woke up her husband, who went out into the hall. The burglars immediately fired upon him, the bullet taking effect in his abdomen. He followed them down stairs, and received two more bullets. He fell to the floor, mortally wounded, while his murderers, after brutally striking his aged mother, who had come out of the room on the first floor, fled through the front door, making good their escape. Mr. Hensley was found to have received two mortal wounds, one on the left side in the region of the heart, another in the abdomen, near the navel. A third bullet had grazed his right side over the eighth rib. He died in a very short time afterward. In the hall were found a shoe and a seven-shooter, Smith & Wesson revolver, with six chambers empty.

DEVILISH OUTRAGE BY CHICAGO ROUGHS.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 15.—Two young girls, named Della Fowler and Maggie Coffee, went to the fair at Central Hall last night and while there met two young men, named James Connelly and Patrick Casey, who invited them about 12:30 o'clock to go to a ball at Westphal's Hall, on Halsted street, near the viaduct. The girls, suspecting nothing, accepted, and the young men brought them around by way of Twenty-third and Arnold streets and across the prairie at that place. At a favorable opportunity, Connelly threw down Miss Fowler, but she fought desperately and escaped, not however without receiving a few kicks. Her screams attracted the attention of a citizen on Twenty-second street, who ran to the police station near by. Lieutenant Buckley responded, and on his way to the scene met Miss Fowler on Twenty-second street, who brought the police to where Miss Coffee was lying on the ground, crying bitterly. Connelly and Casey were placed under arrest on Miss Coffee's accusation that Connelly threw her down and held

her while Casey accomplished his hellish purpose, and then Casey did a like service for Connelly. Justice Wallace held Connelly in \$1,000 bail to Nov. 21, and Casey in \$300 bail to the same date.

AN ITALIAN ASSASSIN ARRESTED.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 18.—An Italian street musician called Frank Barili, was arrested in this city to-day, charged with having caused the death of a school boy in Jersey City, N. J., on the 7th inst. On that day at noon the pupils of Public School No. 14, situated on Union street, were at recess, and while a number of the children were partaking of their lunch, two Italians, street musicians, one playing a violin and the other a harp, commenced playing their instruments. Several of the larger children, after the men had played several airs, commenced to call and laugh at them. This incensed the Italians, and Barili, who played the violin, in his frenzy picked up a large paving stone and threw it with considerable force at the children, the missile striking a lad named George Ealey, aged eight years, who was sitting on a bench engaged in eating his lunch, on the forehead and fracturing his skull. The Italians then fled, and succeeded in effecting their escape, and the little sufferer was picked up in an insensible condition and conveyed to his home, where he expired on the morning of the 11th inst., without regaining consciousness. Barili was committed to prison to await the arrival of the necessary requisition papers to convey him to Jersey City for trial.

A DYING MURDERER'S CONFESSION.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 16.—About sixteen years ago Jonathan Weaver, of this city, was cruelly murdered at Ocean Cottage, near the beach, during a drunken row. John McCarthy, now one of the leading business men of the city, was arrested and tried for the offence, but he was acquitted, and up to the present time the whole affair has been shrouded in mystery. A sailor who had never heard of the murder now comes forward and states that while recently at a seaport on the coast of Peru he visited a sick sailor, who was rapidly approaching his end. The dying man said to his friend that he had something to communicate to him before it was too late. He had carried within his breast a terrible secret and had suffered untold miseries. He surprised his friend by informing him that he was a murderer. A number of years ago, while at Newport, R. I., in a sailing vessel, he went ashore and made his way to what he had since learned was Ocean Cottage. While crazed with rum he got into an altercation, and before he knew what he was about he drew a long black-handled jack-knife from his pocket and struck at a man whom he had never before seen. As soon as he saw that he had probably killed the man he made his escape, and soon afterward shipped on a foreign voyage. He was a stranger in Newport; in fact he had never been here before. He also informed the sailor that he was in the police station here for drunkenness the night before the murder, and that while confined in the cell he stole three blankets and took them with him on board of his vessel. His description of the station house and the harbor was quite correct. McCarthy, who was unjustly accused, left Newport soon after his release, but returned to his home after the sad affair had been lost sight of.

EXECUTION OF A NEGRO MURDERER.

DANIELSVILLE, Ga., Nov. 14.—Jordan Sheats, a colored man, was executed here to-day for the murder of John Ledbetter, a white man, on the 24th of February last. It seems that Sheats and his employer were indulging in a quarrel when Ledbetter interfered, and Sheats shot him. After a brief trial Sheats was sentenced to death. At 1:20 P. M. the condemned, who had spent a quiet night and been all the morning in the company of his friends and family and the preachers, was marched to the scaffold. His appearance created great excitement, the crowd pressing close to see him. He spoke to several persons as he made his way to the scaffold, and seemed perfectly calm and unmoved. He mounted the scaffold with a steady step and turned and quietly surveyed the large crowd that had gathered to see him. He made a little speech, in which he contended bitterly that he did not have a fair trial, and that he should not have been hanged. He reiterated his innocence of murder, and said he fired in self-defense and after Ledbetter had shot at him. He then prayed and sang and finally submitted to having the cap placed on his head. His arms were tied above the elbow. The drop was only a foot and a half, and when the trap was sprung he fell only to struggle to death. His sufferings were fearful. He so stretched the ropes with which his arms were tied that he pulled his cap off his head while dying. It was twelve awful minutes before his struggles ceased and he was pronounced dead. A cavalry company acted as guard at the scaffold, and during the execution one of the guards fired his gun accidentally, creating a panic for an instant. The negroes in Athens are considerably excited over the execution, and the body of the murderer will be buried in that city on Sunday.

POISONED BY GREEDY HEIRS.

CARLEISLE, Pa., Nov. 16.—There has been on trial here during the past three days a murder case, in which a woman is the defendant. On May 28, of the present year, Mrs. Mary Kiehl, aged eighty-one years, residing in the suburbs of the town, was taken ill, and after three days of great suffering she died. During her illness she vomited freely, creating an impression that she had been poisoned. In the house were two tin pots which had contained coffee and chocolate, of which she is known to have partaken. What had remained in the vessels was subjected to an analytical examination, which resulted in the discovery of large quantities of arsenic. Subsequently the body of Mrs. Kiehl was exhumed, and the contents of her stomach, with the liver and other organs of the body, were subjected to analysis with a similar result. As a man named Wynkoop, a justice of the peace and no relative of the deceased, was her sole legatee, he was suspected of having procured her murder. Mrs. Zell, having admitted that she had given the old lady coffee during her illness, she, too, became a target for suspicion. Another point against

Wynkoop was the expressed determination of the deceased to change her will in favor of a relative. Mrs. Zell was arrested and committed for trial, and Wynkoop was released on entering into \$5,000 bail. This week true bills were found against both, but only the woman was put on trial. The commonwealth would have a strong case but for the fact that they have failed to prove a motive on the part of the defendant. The testimony offered to-day was for the purpose of proving that Mrs. Zell was not at Mrs. Kiehl's house on the day she was taken sick, and to impeach the credibility of the principal witness, Mrs. Reid, who was at first suspected of having poisoned the old lady.

BOUND TO BE BAD.

A Young Girl's Determination to Go to the Demnition Bow-wows, and How it Ended.

[Subject of Illustration.]

St. Louis, Nov. 15.—A little escapade of the charming daughter of a retired clothing merchant, whose name has been probably more familiar to the people of this city and vicinity than that of any other man in his line, has just gained a "confidential" circulation, and she will never be able to outlive its effects. A superabundance of animal spirits, the flattery incident to her beauty, and a want of proper training, which is but too common in society circles, made her a fit candidate for a life of sin, and despite the attractions of a luxurious home, and the fact that she had little to wish for that was purchasable, she yielded to the

ALLUREMENTS OF A FAST LIFE.

A couple of mornings ago, wearing an elegant dress and a close veil, she ascended the steps which led to a palace wherein a gaudy creature named Saville wielded the scepter. She rang the door-bell, asked for the lady of the house and was admitted. When Saville entered the parlor to greet her visitor, her experienced eye told her at once that this butterfly was in a region that was new to it, and whatever of the nobility of womanhood remained in her asserted itself in the mind of the trafficker. Imagining that the young thing had made a mistake as to the address, she asked her what she wanted. The visitor stated that she desired to rent a room there and make it her home. The proprietress asked her if she knew what was the character of the house, and she replied that she did. Being asked if she had already gone astray she replied that she had, but had not till now surrendered.

HER CLAIMS TO RESPECTABILITY.

So, Saville regarded herself as fortunate in having an opportunity to profit by this speculation, and the new recruit was allotted one of the handsomest rooms in the house.

That afternoon a young society man called at the place, where he was not altogether unacquainted, and the new boarder came down to the parlor to receive him. She was surprised and he was horrified. She was very little abashed, however, and had no explanations or apologies to offer, but said that, although her home was a pleasant one, she had left it from choice. He had considerable presence of mind and some degree of magnanimity, so he pledged her to wait that evening for his arrival, promising to be there at 7 o'clock. When seven o'clock came a close carriage drove up to the door and two men alighted. The new boarder was called to the parlor, and was completely conquered by the discovery of the society young man and her father. It was a frightful ordeal for the parent and he was almost heart-broken, for he had imagined his daughter to be pure and chaste. She consented to go home, and the close carriage went away with three occupants. For two days the facts were kept quiet, but too many were cognizant of them, and now it is every body's secret.

Awful Suicide of a Despairing Woman.

[Subject of Illustration.]

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Nov. 11.—Mrs. A. Meyers cremated herself alive yesterday. She poured kerosene over her clothing and then deliberately set fire to herself, and fought desperately with those who endeavored to extinguish the flames. She resisted until her person from her knees up were literally burned to a crisp, the flesh leaving the bones bare. She lived long enough to make a confession to the priest, make her will and tell something of what caused her to commit the deed, but died to-day. She stated that she intended killing herself because she was troubled in her mind about her marriage to John Donovan, a well-known Memphian, which had taken place, rather questionably to her understanding, a few miles out from St. Louis, while in refuge there.

Mrs. Meyers, or Mrs. Donovan, as she called herself to the priest, has lost two husbands, one by yellow fever in '73, and the last (Meyers) by consumption last May, and was left by the last one in possession of some \$15,000 or \$20,000. Donovan and herself were both refugees in St. Louis, and while there he pressed his suit, was accepted, and the marriage was solemnized before a magistrate a few miles out from St. Louis, of which a certificate was taken.

Mrs. Donovan returned home alone, and it is stated that on the train she denied to some acquaintances that she was married to Donovan, and since her return has went by her former name. Her conduct, however, has attracted the attention of her friends, who believe that her mind became unsettled brooding over the supposed illegality of her marriage to Donovan. She was industrious and thrifty, and has a family of three children and a grown niece. She confessed to the priest, to whom she remarked she was not Mrs. Meyers, but Mrs. John Donovan. Donovan made an unenviable reputation last year, when his wife and children died of the fever, by refusing to come to their bedside in response to appeals to him.

Mr. Hemminger, of Galveston, in Texas, a bar-keeper, on the evening of his wedding left his bride with the parson and her friends waiting for him in a parlor, and stepping out to a stable took a dose of poison and died.

A BRIDAL CHAMBER DRAMA.

The Scene That Startled a Benedict on His Return to the Side of His Newly Made Bride After a Short Absence.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CHICAGO, Nov. 15.—A few nights since, at about 11 o'clock, the guests occupying rooms on the east corridor of the Palmer House were startled by the most piercing screams of a woman apparently in great distress or peril. One of the guests, describing the event, remarked that the voice shot down the light-well on which the rooms opened, and with sudden and startling effect, appeared to be from a person in one of the rooms.

Some twenty gentlemen, in undergarments and other array hardly orthodox for calling on a bride, rushed in the direction of the voice and found a handsomely dressed and interesting woman, of not more than twenty summers, in room 270, screaming: "Carrie is dead!" and repeating it as fast and as loud as she could articulate.

It appears that the occupants of the room were a bride and groom from Peoria, and they had just returned from McVicker's, where they had witnessed the Bowers-Thompson Combination in the presentation of the "Court of Charles II.," and the tribulations of Richmond had

AFFECTED THE BRIDE GREATLY.

After returning to their parlors in the hotel, the groom had gone down to the office to purchase tickets for St. Louis, leaving the bride to "pack up," in anticipation of an early start the following morning.

The first thing she took hold of to pack was a cabinet picture of her sister Carrie, that stood on the bureau, and the reaction from the excitement of the wedding ceremonies and the effect of the scenes at the theatre combined appear to have been too much for the young bride, and her nerves gave completely away, her hallucination taking the form of a conviction that the aforesaid sister was dead.

There appears to have been no ladies about, owing to the lateness of the hour, but some twenty gentlemen responded to the calls of distress, and with various bottles of strange shape, the upper half covered with leather and a tin or nickel-plated cup covering the bottom of the flask, or, we should say, the cologne bottle, gave soothing assurances, and the bride was

PARTIALLY PACIFIED.

When the groom returned she was sitting in an easy chair, and a guest with only his undershirt and pants on, with suspenders hanging, was sitting on the arm of the chair with one arm around the bride and with the other quietly bathing her forehead, while the remaining nineteen were standing sympathetically about.

The expression on the face of the groom as the vision broke upon him can better be imagined than described, but he was made to appreciate the situation without any serious demonstrations, and he finally thanked his shirtless benefactor with all the enthusiasm that could be expected from a bridegroom of only twenty-four hours, and relieved him of his arduous position with great alacrity.

We refrain from thanking by name the philanthropist who held the young bride so gently until the arrival of the husband, in consideration of the feelings of a wife of some years' standing, who is now in another part of the country.

L'Assommoir in Real Life.

The sudden death of Oscar Hobenstein, a miserable tramp, in the tenement house No. 158 Orchard street, on Sunday morning, 16th inst., furnishes a fitting sequel to a fearful tragedy of two years ago, with which his name was connected. He was a native of Germany, thirty-eight years of age, and led a shiftless, dissipated life. Whatever he earned by occasional jobs was spent in liquor. Among the acquaintances he formed was that of Henry Hausman, of No. 19 Chryslie street, a sober and industrious man, employed as a porter at No. 393 Broadway, who had a wife and three children. Hausman's wife was so addicted to liquor that she neglected her household duties and made her home wretched. She contracted an intimacy with Hobenstein, who was a frequent visitor to her house. The repeated protests of Hausman, whose jealousy was aroused against this intimacy, did not seem to have any effect, and on the 16th of November, 1877, after returning home in the evening, he, in a fit of frenzy, shot his three children—a boy aged nine years, a girl aged seven and a baby—and then shot himself. The elder boy, John, recovered, and is now the only survivor of the family, the girl having died instantly, the baby on the following day and the father thirteen days afterward. This terrible lesson had no effect on the wretched mother, who continued in her career of dissipation. She removed to No. 28 Rivington street, and soon afterward it was discovered that the little boy John's grandmother had died in Germany a short time previously, leaving a large legacy, including an annuity of \$1,000 to John, payable every six months. Hobenstein then took up his residence with Mrs. Hausman, and they lived as man and wife, the former assuming a parental guardianship over the boy, whose annuity furnished means for a continued career of dissipation to the guilty pair till two weeks ago, when Mrs. Hausman was taken suddenly ill and died before medical aid could be procured. It was rumored at the time that she had taken poison. Hobenstein's supply of rum thus was cut off, and he was left again to shift for himself. Sunday, 16th, about midnight, he presented himself at No. 158 Orchard street. Here, on the second floor, in the rear tenement, resided John Leifert, who knew the abandoned tramp, and who was implored by him to let him into the house to lie down for an hour, as he felt very sick. He was taken in, swallowed water copiously and lay down on the floor with his coat rolled up for a pillow. At 8 o'clock in the morning it was discovered he was a corpse. The body was removed to the Morgue, and after dissection will be laid away in Potter's Field.

A COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT.

Romantic Career of a Swindler of Magnificent Pretensions and Unlimited Gall, and How he

PLAYED A BOSS RACKET

In His Character of a French Nobleman, With Which he Captured a Philadelphia Belle and Many Solid Citizens,

BUT CAME TO GRIEF AT LAST.

PARIS, Nov. 3.—We all have known him; few Americans, and certainly few Philadelphians, have forgotten that brilliant yet dusky meteor which, for a few brief months, under the patronage of a *ci-devant* belle, flashed through the fashionable circles of the City of Brotherly Love. He had several names, each with a title, each more noble than the other, but none of which I will repeat, because the families whom he adopted are too respectable to be sullied with the connection of this adventurer. We first saw him, after Fort Sumter had given the signal of rebellion, and when the North was calling her children to arms to defend the flag of the Union. He raised a corps, whose uniform made a sensation, or rather he undertook to raise a corps, for its ranks never filled, and there was some trouble with the accounts, so that when the first volunteers came home, he did not, for they never went out—his commission was not renewed. Not that there was any serious foundation for a rumor that he had peculated, as he always remained notoriously impecunious, and surely, if he had robbed his soldiers he would have feathered his own nest, and would not have suffered an irate tailor to strip him of an unpaid-for overcoat in Walnut street in the month of January, with the thermometer ever so much below freezing point!

But he determined to serve the starry banner, and enlisted as a substitute, but never served, as one of the food-for-powder agencies took him as a clerk, and, *par parenthese*, found him extremely useful. Who was he? No one who has not consulted the archives of the French police will or can ever know with certainty. He was emphatically a man of mystery. Handsome enough, with one of those "fatal" looks about his face which Lawrence and "Ouida" generally give to their heroes. His own story, self-told, was romantic, if vague; he hinted at domestic troubles, at persecutions by powerful influence, at work to keep him out of his inheritance; he had been wronged, he said, deeply, foully wronged; he had been driven from his native land, forced to leave his loved profession, the French navy, and to eat the bitter bread of exile. Then he would grind his teeth and look unutterable rage and scorn, and beg his hearers to change the subject. Many pitied his sorrows—this was before the coat episode in Walnut street—thought him a kind of "my name is Norval" personage, but never paid him much attention until Beauty took him up—how she first came to do so is another mystery—and presented him to her friends; also played private theatricals and operettas, with the count in the leading part. Then came the questions,

"WHAT MANNER OF MAN IS THIS?"

Whence cometh he? What are his antecedents? and the tongue of gossip wagged as it can only wag in the Quaker City. Did the French Consul know him? Yes, the French Consul did, but declined to tell; he was not called upon to tell until there should be some good and sufficient reason for revelation, but he would not receive him in his house, and perhaps gave him some words of warning about the houses of some of his friends, for it was noticed that his visits to certain families were interrupted. So, as nothing could be learned from official sources, Mrs. Grundy was busy and indefatigable, and wormed out some queer secrets.

He had been in the marine of France, that story was true, but it was not all the truth, as the count had not defined his position, which was that of a naval apprentice, or a cabin boy, or something equally elevated, and he had bolted, after a thrashing from the cook, by whom he was caught purloining the ward-room sugar. Doubtless he was of noble blood, at least on one side, for his mother was of the family of Souloque, brought by unmerited misfortune, after the downfall of her imperial relative, to the honest, but comparatively humble position of a laundress at Port au Prince, whence it happened, that as she had legions of admirers among the sailors, there were some doubts

CONCERNING HIS PATERNAL PARENT.

This was the history circulated by scandal-mongers, and for aught I ever heard, never contradicted, although it may be purely imaginative. Still, society became slyer than before, and in many instances people scratched his name from off their lists of acquaintances, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Beauty, who remained faithful to her Beast, and tilted bravely for him against all his enemies. So he hung on, by sufferance, until the outbreak of the great Franco-German war, when patriotism fired his heart once more. "I must go," he said, "to the defense of my country; I will die for her, if need be, as my noble ancestors have done, although my heart is breaking"—like that of the man! "Kathleen Mavourneen"—which ballad, by the way, Beauty used to sing, with tears in her voice, after he had gone. He never got much farther than London, I believe, either because his ungrateful country declined to let him land, or because there were several women, whom he had married at different times, on the look-out for him, or because he found London more attractive than campaign life; but whatever may have been the reasons, he did show there, and was heard of as singing at concerts in St. George's Hall and elsewhere, until one day we are told he wedded again to Medora Plantag-

net—her name was neither Medora, nor was she of the Broomcorn family, but it would not do to tell the true appellation—a great swell so far as blood was concerned, but, being of a collateral branch, only rich in virtues, and, as he had doubtless calculated, in family influence, which would push him forward in some career.

BECAUSE HE WAS A CONNECTION.

But the Plantagenets did not sympathize with the Count, and we heard that he was teaching the dramatic art to his Medora, meaning to put her on the stage and make an honorable independence for himself by her talents and exertions. I never knew whether she actually made her debut. The pair slipped out of sight and memory, and became as though they had never existed, when suddenly, three days ago, the Correctional Tribunal of Rouen condemned to three years of prison, to be followed by five more of police surveillance, a certain Count de Naux for swindling, and then those who had known the other man asked whether this might not be another incarnation of the son of the mulatto washer-woman? Like the Joconde of my story, this one, too, had been all over the world. He, too, was born at Port au Prince. He left the colony to enlist in foreign service to escape arrest. He married a Parisian lady in 1884, two years later—while his first wife still lived—the daughter of a provincial jeweler, and five or six years ago a member of the British aristocracy, all of which tallies with the history, as told by Mrs. Grundy, of the American performer. He has not now been tried for bigamy—the legal ten years have expired since its commission, so that he cannot be prosecuted upon this count—but, as he has always sought to improve the shining hour, he has come to grief on the vulgar charge of obtaining money under false pretences, and

THIS IS HOW HE DID IT:

Last June M. Grisson, the lessee of a Rouen theatre, failed. The settlement of his affairs had been confided to a syndicate, and bankruptcy was imminent, when a letter was received from London, signed General La Miranda, bidding the manager cross the channel immediately, as 350,000 francs would be placed at his disposal. M. Grisson did not know the General. He could not understand the cause of his sympathy with a stranger, but, as drowning men catch at straws, he determined to see the thing through, and so, after consultation with the syndicate, who was agreeable, left for London, accompanied by a huiusier of the Commercial Court. General La Miranda and the Comte de Naux were one and the same individual, with whom an arrangement was made, by which the promised sum was to be forthcoming at legal interest. It was not in London, but that made no difference. A part was invested in Madrid, a part in Florence and 150,000 francs in Antwerp, which last could be obtained without delay provided 50,000 francs were paid by MM. Grisson & Co. to the bankers, who held some bonds to that amount which the noble General had pledged in a moment of

TEMPORARY EMBARRASSMENT.

This clause ought to have aroused suspicion, yet it did not—as the "fool-killer" had not visited Rouen of late—but was accepted, and the necessary 50,000 francs having been collected through the influence of the syndicate, M. Vienot, an expedition started in search of the Golden Fleece. The new Argonauts, consisting of the Count, M. Grisson, the huiusier, M. Harel, representing the creditors, and two Englishmen who had helped to furnish the money, visited Florence and Madrid and Antwerp, and then went back again to Florence, and thence returned to Rouen, not only without the 150,000 francs which they sought, but without a penny left of their 50,000 francs original capital, plus 15,000 more, which they had drawn at the bank, including the last 2,500 francs in the world owned by the tricked manager. In reality the Count has made nothing out of the swindle, as he never got the coin in his possession, but everything being in the intention, which the Norman judges consider evident, he has wound up his career legitimately, and I ask if he be the same who sang "Les Noces de Jeannette" in Philadelphia private theatricals ten years ago, what Beauty and her friends will think of their protegee?

Caught the Pair.

Misses Katie Baker and Jennie Demarest, of Hackensack, N. J., were shopping in Kinzey & Co.'s dry goods store in Sixth avenue, on Thursday afternoon, 13th inst., and Miss Demarest saw a woman steal Miss Baker's wallet from the outside pocket of her sacque and pass it to a woman beside her. Miss Demarest pointed out the woman to a policeman, and they were arrested. The pocketbook was found in a pocket of one of the women, who gave the name of Elizabeth Dunn. The other woman gave the name of Mary Coleman. They were arraigned on the following day in the Jefferson Market Police Court. Justice Plummer discharged Mary Coleman, on the ground that the evidence against her was insufficient, but committed Elizabeth Dunn to the City Prison to await trial. He sent the papers in Elizabeth Dunn's case to the District Attorney's office, requesting that they be submitted at once to the Grand Jury. When the papers reached the office Assistant District Attorney Russell was standing near Chief Clerk Clark, and he said: "I am sorry that Mary Coleman escaped. She has many aliases, and her picture is in the Rogues' Gallery." "I'll prophesy," Chief Clerk Clark replied, "that she comes here before noon to get a pass to see Elizabeth Dunn." Just then Mary Coleman entered the office. Mr. Russell directed an officer to arrest her. Then he made out a complaint against her as an accessory to Elizabeth Dunn. A quarter of an hour later the Grand Jury indicted Elizabeth Dunn and Mary Coleman. They were taken to the bar of the General Sessions. Elizabeth Dunn demanded a separate trial, and was convicted. Mary Coleman pleaded guilty. Judge Cowing remanded them to await sentence. They may be sentenced to the Penitentiary for five years.

Two hunters at Circleville, O., smoked over a powder keg, and an explosion blinded them for life.

THE QUEEREST OF CRANKS.

ASTOUNDING STORY of an Individual Who for Twenty Years Figured as a Man, Married as Such, and the Secret of Whose Sex Remained Unsuspected Even, as is Claimed, By the Woman Who Held the Alleged Relation of Wife.

Extraordinary disclosures have been made regarding a female lunatic discovered in male attire in Melbourne, Australia. It appears that the woman, who for the past twenty years has passed as a man under the name of Edward De Lacy Evans, has married three different women. The secret of her disguised sex has never been even suspected, although she worked continuously as a miner for many years, and had been following this occupation in Sandhurst, where she was an ordinary "wages man," breaking quartz and doing her work with the best of the other workmen at the several mines. She might possibly have carried on the fraud unsuspected to the end of her days but that for the fact that a few weeks ago she began to show symptoms of insanity, which gradually became more and more pronounced. Some fifteen months ago the woman between whom and the supposed man the form of marriage had been gone through gave birth to a child. This is strange, as the statement undoubtedly is that this woman, passing as Evans' wife, stoutly maintained that she never knew the secret of

HER PRESUMED HUSBAND'S SEX.

Since the child's birth Evans has lapsed into an absent-minded and lethargic condition, and seemed to have lost all heart for work. On July the 22nd Evans was admitted to the hospital as a lunatic. The hospital records of the occurrence ran as follows: "Edward De Lacy Evans, male, married, admitted July 22; native of Kilkenny, Ireland; religion, Church of England. Dangerous to others; demented." On the day of admission the attendant, as usual, proceeded to give "him" a bath. Evans struggled violently, and finally got away from the place. "He" was recaptured and brought back next day. "He" remained in hospital six weeks, during which a warder slept in the room every night without discovering the secret. She says she was born at Paris; others say she is a native of Jersey, while the hospital record gives Kilkenny as her birthplace. She speaks with an Irish accent, and claimed to be a nephew of the late General Sir Charles De Lacy Evans, Dr. Poland, resident surgeon at the Bendigo Hospital, having examined Evans, states that she herself

HAS HAD ONE OR MORE CHILDREN.

It is rumored that Evans was married several years ago in Melbourne, but regarding this evidence is not complete. One of the nurses at present at Bendigo Hospital says she can almost positively identify Evans as a passenger who came out in the ship Ocean Monarch twenty years ago. The girl—for this interesting character was then of girlish appearance—went under the name of Ellen Germaine. A singular feature of the story is that the nurse in question states that the girl had with her on the ship a box bearing the name "Edward De Lacy." The girl on her arrival in Victoria went up country, and the next the nurse heard was that she had sent for the box and had married a fellow passenger. The second marriage was celebrated eighteen years since, but no record of the event has been found. The wife's name was Sarah Moore, who, singularly enough, had two children, both of whom died. She breathed not a word about the imposition. The third marriage between Evans and "his" present wife was celebrated at Ballarat on the 18th of September, 1888, by the Rev. W. Henderson, at the Presbyterian Church. On the latter occasion Evans put her age down at twenty-eight. Accepting this as correct, she is now about thirty-nine. The certificate shows that the bridegroom's father was Edward J. De Lacy Evans, Police Magistrate, and that "his" mother's name was Ann Dora Vaughan, a Welsh woman. The maiden name of Evans' present wife was Julia Marquand. She states that she was twenty-five years of age when the marriage ceremony was performed, and first became acquainted with Evans through her sister, having been a friend of "his" former wife. Evans proposed marriage, but Vaughan's

PARENTS OPPOSED THE MATCH.

Evans, however, induced her to go to Ballarat with "him." The marriage took place there. For a fortnight after they were married they lived separately, she residing at a hotel. Subsequently they lived together. In appearance the man personator is feminine as regards the formation of features, but carries a decidedly masculine expression, though her face is as devoid of hair as an infant's. She is rather short of stature, regarded as a man, being about five feet four inches or five feet five inches. Her hair since her confinement in the Hospital has grown almost to her shoulders. Some time ago she met with an accident in the mine in which she was working, and thereby sustained a severe wound on her head. The doctor who attended her never had the slightest suspicion of her sex. The same gentleman was afterward called in to attend Evans while she was suffering from a dangerous attack of fever, but then again, the imposition escaped detection. Miss Marquand, the young lady with whom the marriage was celebrated, says that Evans represented to her that "he" had two children by his former wife in France, and that these had been sent to Ireland. Two gentlemen visited her soon after the case was made known at Sandhurst. To them she said in reply to interrogations: "Oh, it's all over now; you may as well finish me at once."

Curious Freak of Nature.

Two of the most marvellous specimens of the genus *homo* have been discovered in Morgan county, Ky. They are two boys named James and Henry Elam, aged respectively eight and twelve years. These boys talk rationally, are ordinarily intelligent, but are peculiar in having no hair on their bodies and heads.

Their skin is covered with heavy scales like fish. At the elbows, knees, and foot joints the skin is very thick, resembling the skin of an alligator. They never perspire, but turn right blue when they get heated. They take to water as naturally as fish, but, strange to say, can't swim. They dive and crawl along the bottom with great activity and delight. They can not walk bare-footed, their feet cracking open, but have to wear shoes all the time. Their eyes are large and round, not almond-shaped, and the lids are very red. They never wink, and sleep with their eyes wide open, and are always in motion when asleep. Their features are said to be very good and regular. They have to keep their bodies greased when not in water. When the body becomes dry the skin cracks open. Their heads are covered with scales in lieu of hair. The boys handle snakes with impunity and delight, frequently quarrelling over a single reptile, but satisfied when each has one, and snakes have no antipathy to them, but follow them like a dog does his master. The mother of these monstrosities has borne eight children: The eldest, a daughter of sixteen, is beautiful of form and features, and the other children are not at all peculiar. She cannot account for nature's freak in these cases. They are expected to be in Mt. Sterling shortly, when our scientists will have an interesting problem to solve.

WOULDN'T WORK.

Tardy Justice Meted Out to a Brutal Murderer Who Fought it Off for Five Years on the Insanity Dodge.

St. Louis, Nov. 12.—The law and order citizens of this place were agreeably surprised by the announcement that Charles F. Kring, the murderer, had been sentenced to twenty-five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary, as it had grown to the general belief that he would succeed in cheating justice. Nearly five years ago Kring, who is a highly educated and not unprepossessing young Teuton, had a *liaison* with Dora Brommer, the comely young wife of the druggist who employed him, and because she one night declined to leave her home and run away with him, he shot her twice, causing her death and that of her unborn babe. In his devilish rage he tried to force the pistol into her mouth for a third shot, but she succeeded in preventing him.

For such a terrible murder there was, of course, but one defense, and that was insanity. Kring went right to work in jail to study the subject of insanity, and is probably to-day the best posted man in the state of Missouri on that subject, being well

UP IN ALL THE AUTHORITIES.

He arranged his own case, even going so far as to write out affidavits containing matter which was necessary to complete the chain of symptoms in proof of his insanity, and signing the autographs of certain non-resident parties to such affidavits. On the first trial of the case three years ago he made a desperate endeavor to kill one of the witnesses against him with a chair, and by order of the court he was handcuffed for the balance of the trial. He was convicted and sentenced to be hanged, but the supreme court reversed the case on the seemingly silly grounds that his hands should have been free during the trial.

Twice since then juries have failed to agree on a verdict, and to-day he went to trial for the fourth time. After the jury had been impaneled, however, he offered a plea of guilty of murder in the second degree, and in view of the uncertainty of the case, and the fact that the witnesses were nearly all tried of the case, the state accepted the plea. Judge Laughlin deferred sentence till after dinner, and Kring was

APPARENTLY AT EASE.

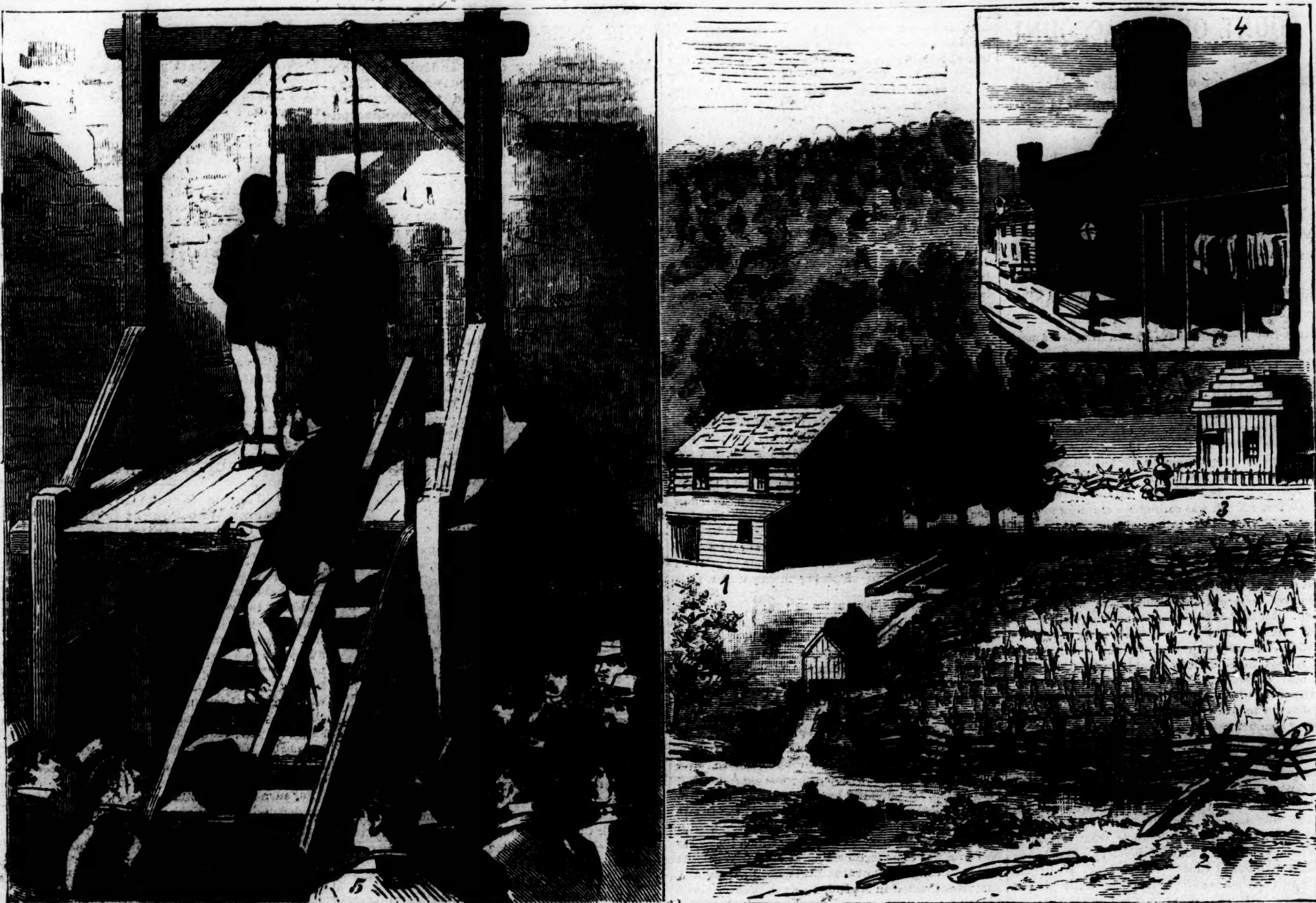
When the afternoon session of court opened Judge Laughlin called up Kring, and without any preliminary sniffing or weeping sentenced the scientific murderer to twenty-five years.

Kring manifested the most intense surprise, and protested, explaining to the court that he would not have pleaded guilty at all if he had known that he was going to get such a dose as that. He said that his agreement with his attorneys was that he was not to receive more than ten years, and that the five years he had spent in jail would be deducted. The court ironically expressed a regret that it had been kept in ignorance of that bargain, but intimated that Mr. Kring was now booked for twenty-five years, and that was the end of it.

Kring wanted to know if it would not be possible to have the decree set aside, and to reinstate his plea of insanity. Judge Laughlin assured him that game would not do, for in pleading guilty he had abandoned the insanity dodge. So this case, which has cost the state thousands of dollars, is at last ended; and if Kring gets out he will probably go hunting for those attorneys.

Sensational Seduction Suit.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Nov. 11.—An important seduction and damage suit was taken up in our circuit court this morning, Judge Byfield, of Indianapolis, presiding. Malinda J. Arnold, aged twenty-one, a poor friendless girl, whose father is dead, brings the suit against William Springer, a prepossessing young man, son of Edward Springer, one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of this county, residing at Elizabethtown. Malinda alleges in her complaint that William, by his arts, wiles and love-making, gained her confidence and affection, and that under a promise of marriage she submitted to his desires on divers occasions, and the result was she became pregnant, and that he then refused to make good his promise of marriage, and he procured an abortion on her in July, 1878. All of this, she alleges, transpired while she was acting in the capacity of servant girl in the family of young Springer's father, he being a young man still residing in his father's family. The defendant avers that the charge is absolutely untrue in each and every particular, and that the whole thing is a scheme of black-mail. The case is attracting a good deal of attention, and promises some rich developments. The best legal talent has been engaged on both sides.



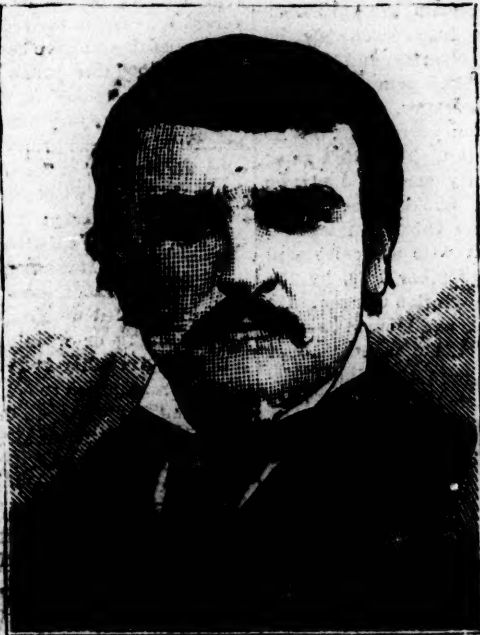
THE MURDER OF JOSEPH RABER FOR THE INSURANCE ON HIS LIFE—VIEW OF INDIANTOWN GAP, THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES BY GAZETTE SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 7.

1—Brandt's Tavern, where the conspiracy was concocted; with Raber's hut on the mountain, in the background. 2—Footbridge across the creek, from which the victim was pushed into the water and drowned by Stichler. 3—Drews' House, from the upper window of which his son-in-law, Peters, witnessed the murder. 4—The jail at Lebanon, Pa. 5—Execution of the two conspirators, Drews and Stichler, in Lebanon jail yard.

A Discharged Soldier Hanged.

HERMAN, Tex., Nov. 13.—Julius Toetel was hanged in the jail yard, yesterday, for the murder of Joseph A. Brenner. Toetel made no confession, and under the gallows simply said: "I am ready." He was strangled to death.

Brenner was murdered in his saloon at Denison, Texas, at midnight, Jan. 15, 1879. Toetel had been living in Denison but a few months, and had run up a whisky bill at Brenner's saloon. Brenner presented the bill, and Toetel refused to pay it. Brenner became angry, and ordered Toetel to leave the house and never enter it again. On the 15th of

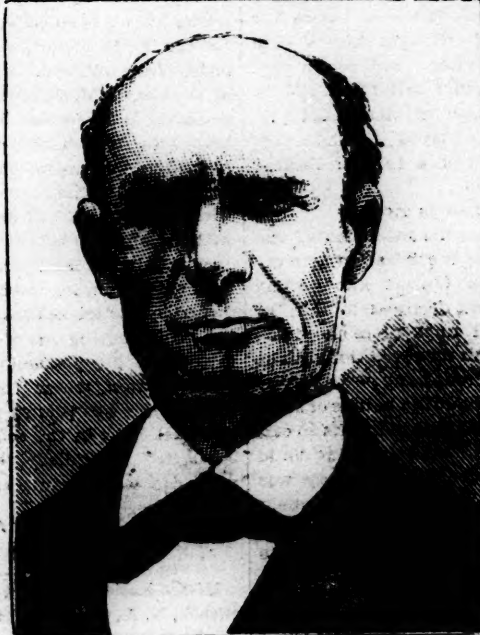


FRANKLIN STICHLER, EXECUTED NOVEMBER 14

January Toetel went into the saloon, and Brenner ordered him out, and then put him out. At 10 o'clock that night Toetel went to his boarding house and called for a light, saying that he was going to his room to sharpen his butcher knife, and that he intended to "cut a man's heart out." The light was refused him, but he went to the room and, finding a whetstone, sharpened up his knife, and then went off. At 11 o'clock he found a butcher shop still open, and fearing his weapon was not in order, asked the butcher to sharpen it for him. When the knife was returned he told the butcher that "if there was a dead man found next morning he might tell the people that Toetel killed him." About 12 o'clock Toetel again entered Brenner's saloon. Brenner was near the bar and another man was seated at a table some distance across the room. Toetel went straight up to Brenner, and for a moment they struggled. Then Toetel ran from the house, and Brenner said he had been stabbed. He died soon afterward.

Toetel was captured in the Indian Territory three days later. He was a Frenchman, about thirty-one or thirty-two years old, and has been in this city seven years. Soon after his arrival in New York he enlisted in the regular army and served six years. On being discharged he came to Texas.

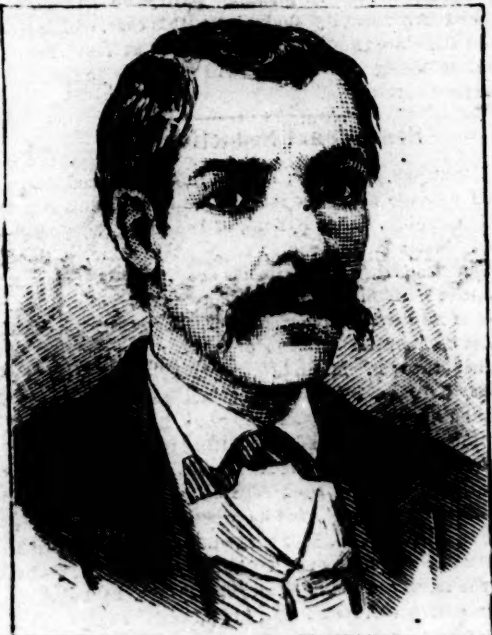
A letter, written while in jail and after his conviction, shows that he had an active brain. The letter was sent out by a man who had been imprisoned for



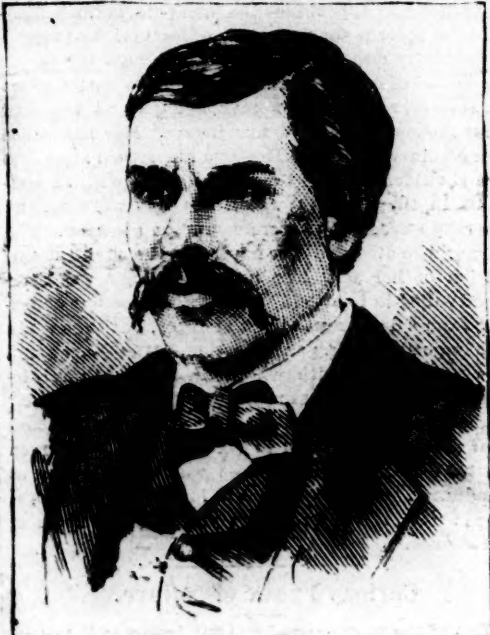
CHARLES DREWS, EXECUTED NOVEMBER 14

some trivial offense, and instead of mailing it, as he had promised, it was turned over to the sheriff. On being translated, it was found to contain full instructions to a former companion how to swear him out of jail and out of danger.

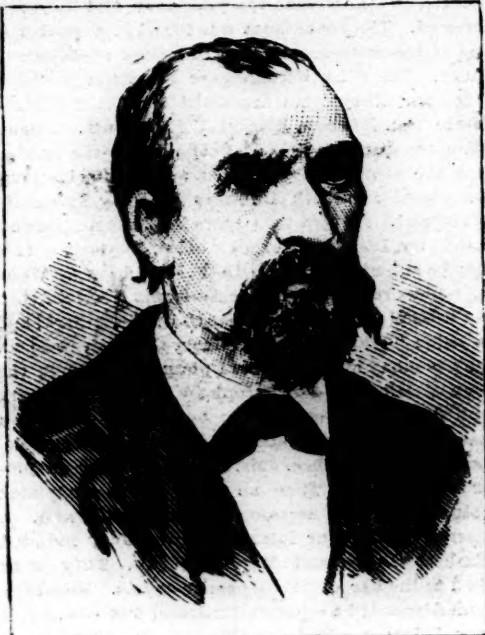
An attempt was made on the life of Ernst Sander-mann at 3 Ferry place, Brooklyn, on Monday night, 17th inst. Some unknown party fired two shots evidently from an air-gun through the window of Mr. Sander-mann's store while he and a friend were sitting at a game of cards. Detectives are working up the case, but as yet no arrests have been made.



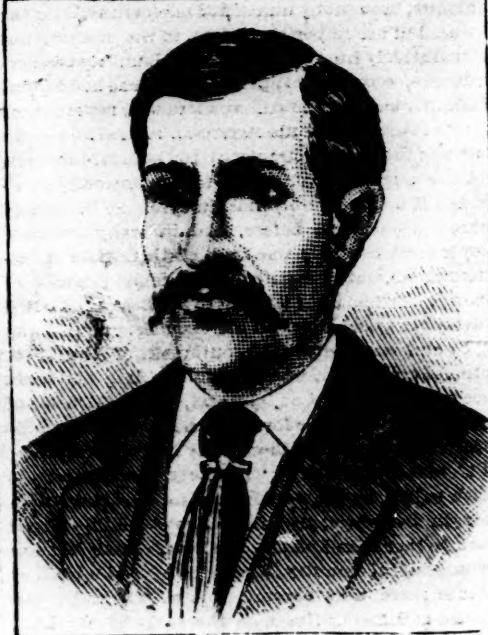
GEORGE ZECHMAN, ACQUITTED.



HENRY F. WISE, THE "SQUEALER."



ISRAEL BRANDT, CHIEF CONSPIRATOR.



JOSIAH HUMMEL, UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH.

THE INSURANCE MURDER CONSPIRATORS; LEBANON, PA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE GAZETTE.—SEE PAGE 7.]

Infamous Outrage by Burglars.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 14.—The burglary boom still keeps up in Chicago. A fresh horror in this line has just come to light, though the crime was perpetrated two days ago. Early in the morning four men gained entrance to a saloon and dwelling on Madison street, a mile beyond the city limits, owned and occupied by a German named Pappinger. The latter was awakened by the noise, and seeing the men, was about to go back for his revolver, when one of them fired a charge of powder into his face, completely blinding him, while another knocked him down with a sand-bag by striking him across the back of the neck. They then bound his hands and feet and laid him upon his bed; then attacked his wife, threatening her with a revolver, and, finding a boarder in the house, bound him also hand and foot.



JOHN CRAWFORD, ACCUSED OF A CRIMINAL ASSAULT ON LIZZIE ABLE, HIS WIFE'S NURSE-MAID; RICHMOND, IND.

They thereupon went back to Pappinger, took off his socks, and, applying the flame of an oil-lamp to the soles of his feet, demanded to know where he kept his money. Overcome by the torture, he told them where it was, and they took between \$70 and \$80 in cash, but this was not enough. Taking his wife they placed her in a chair, and held the flame to her feet and compelled her to disclose where she kept \$25 in hard-earned money. One of the ruffians placed a revolver in her mouth, and, jamming it against her teeth, swore he would shoot her and burn the house if she did not tell them where to find more money.

Not having any more, she was unable to comply with their demands. Then the scoundrels piled bed-clothing and furniture upon them till they were almost suffocated, and then left the house. Mrs. Pappinger, with great difficulty, freed her hands by untying the ropes with her teeth, and then released her husband and the boarder. Pappinger was so badly injured that he has not yet fully recovered. Every



ATROCIOUS CRIME OF A BRUTAL NEGRO IN THE CAMP OF A SICK EMI-GRANT, WHOSE WIFE HE OUTRAGES AFTER BEATING THE HELPLESS HUSBAND INTO INSENSIBILITY; NEAR FORT WORTH, TEX.—SEE PAGE 6.

cent they had was taken, and they were left completely destitute. No clue was left by the burglars.

A Clever Convict's Imposture.

Perhaps the most curious case of simulating disease ever recorded in a blue book, says the Manchester

(Eng.) *Guardian*, is cited in the minutes of evidence appended to the recently published report of the commissioners for inquiring into the working of penal servitude acts. Captain Harris, governor of Dartmouth prison, stated in his examination before the commissioners that he had formerly had charge of a convict named Henry Phillips. The man declared

that he was completely paralyzed, and although the governor always entertained doubts of the genuineness of his malady, Phillips continued so persistently that at length the directors of convict prisons recommended him to the home office for discharge before the expiration of his sentence, the reason for his enlargement being simply his seemingly hopeless state of health. In order to help him after his discharge a wheeled chair, which he could move with his hands, was procured for him. He was carried to the railroad station and conveyed in charge of a warder to Manchester. Then he was carried to a cab and taken to a beer shop, where his friends resided. The warder found lodging elsewhere, and in the morning he went down to the railway station to make inquiries after the celebrated invalid chair, which had not yet arrived. To his utter amazement he beheld the "completely paralyzed" Mr. Henry Phillips walk into



MYRON A. BUELL, EXECUTED AT COOPERS-TOWN, N. Y., NOV. 14, FOR THE MURDER OF CATHERINE M. RICHARDS.—SEE PAGE 8.

the station with a jaunty air, his hat on one side, and swinging a stick about. In answer to a remark on the part of the astonished officer that he had recovered very quickly, the candid Henry replied:

"There never was anything the matter with me. There is nothing the matter with me now and never was. But, how about the chair?" The chair happened to come to hand at that very moment, and the warder was so utterly baffled and confounded by the amazing independence of Mr. Henry Phillips that he surrendered the chair, which was blithely wheeled away by a person in attendance upon the sham paralytic. Surely the force of malingering could go no further than it went in this instance.

The bride of a week, at Philadelphia, Ohio, mysteriously disappeared. The pair had married for love, nothing had happened that could have raised a reasonable regret, and it was feared she had met with an accident. The truth was that, growing homesick, she had quietly taken a train for the paternal roof.



THE TABLEAU THAT STARTLED A BEDEWICT AFTER A BRIEF ABSENCE FROM THE BRIDAL CHAMBER, IN THE PALMER HOUSE, CHICAGO—HE BEHOLDS HIS NEWLY-MADE BRIDE IN THE ARMS OF A STRANGER IN UNDERGARMENTS, SURROUNDED BY SIMILARLY ATTIRED GENTLEMEN, ALL PROVIDED WITH COLOGNE BOTTLES OF PECULIAR SHAPE.—SEE PAGE 10.

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

All the Petty Thieves are Not Inhabitants of Rookeries and Tenement Dens.

SOCIETY'S "SWELL-MOB."

Fashionable Up-Town Residences Robbed by Their Invited Guests.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

By PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

It was my fortune the other day to be present at a police court trial which was held with closed doors—in fact it was more of an examination than a trial—and so the particulars did not get into the newspapers.

I have no intention either of publishing names and residences, in face of the fact that mercy on one side, and repentance on the other, effected a amicable compromise. I merely take the circumstances as a text for my weekly homily.

Briefly stated, the case was as follows: A lady belonging to that vague and mysterious organization known as our best society had given a party.

I cannot tell whether it was a "German" or a "Kettle-drum," but I was given to understand that it was a very "tony" affair.

The house was brilliantly illuminated. An awning stretched from the door to the curb, and there was virgin Turkey carpet covering the muddy pavement, and so allowing Beauty's satin slipper to reach the spacious parlors unsoiled.

"Niggers" stood around like pedestals, directing you to the "gent's cloak room," the "ladies' dressing room," etc., etc. Everybody was there; everybody of course in the exclusive set. I was not. If I remember correctly I was playing pool that night in a German beer shop, eating vile sausages the while, and talking philosophy to the bald-headed proprietor.

Notwithstanding my absence, which you would naturally imagine would be a most serious drawback, the entertainment went off with great *éclat*.

The usual amount of nonsense was talked, and an extraordinary quantity of wine, salad, ices and cake was consumed.

Carriages began to be announced as they had been summoned, and then it was discovered that while the dance was in progress in the parlors, and the feeding was going on in the drawing-room, some one had been busy upstairs ransacking drawers, examining overcoat pockets, and quietly purloining articles of value and portable objects of *cette* that happened to be about.

One lady lost a diamond clasp which she had foolishly allowed to remain in her wrap.

The hostess missed bits of plate and any quantity of jewelry that had been on dressing tables and in easily rifled drawers.

Nothing could be done then, and nothing was done for some little time, except to place the mystery in the hands of a skillful detective. He worked at the case, and finally ran his man down.

It was one of the "niggers" of course, you say. The thief was nothing of the kind.

He was one of the guests.

A proper, dapper young man of most excellent family. He holds a responsible position in a large concern down town, where the prospective honors are supposed to be a recompense for the rather small salary he has been receiving.

When he was arrested he confessed everything, and threw himself upon the mercy of those he had robbed.

It came to light then that he had been doing this sort of thing, with the help of an outsider, for some time, supplying himself with spending money by pawing the plunder.

His mode of operation was to slip out for an ostensible smoke, while the festivities were at their height, and, carefully watching his opportunities, to ransack the various rooms. If confronted by any one, he was looking for the smoking room, and "could you kindly tell me where that is? Oh, it's down stairs! Thank you."

It is easily seen that under the protection afforded by being one of the invited, this system of thieving could be carried on with the utmost impunity. Servants would get the blame, or it would be put down to some of the men from the caterer's place.

The detection of this young man opened up the fact that scores of other houses had suffered in just the same way. There are many to whose pollution he will not confess, stating most emphatically that he had nothing to do with the crimes in those particular instances. Since he has no object in lying, and has been allowed to go scot free out of respect for his family, the natural conclusion is that there are thieves, petty purloiners, among our best people. Heretofore society has always furnished dishonest characters of the awfully swell order. A guardian does away with his ward's fortune. A banker negotiates his paper when he knows he is on the eve of failure. The president of an insurance company affixes his oath to a false balance sheet. These are all big fish.

It must be a huge consolation, then, to the regular low-down thief who has done time for stealing a pair of shoes, to know that in the brown-stone world of magnificence up-town there are those of his kidney. They wear good clothes, and are curled and perfumed, but they belong to the crooked fraternity all the same, and if justice had its full swing, and every dog got his due, their classic countenances should be among those which make up that wondrous album at headquarters—the Rogues' gallery.

After the charge had been withdrawn and the examination ended, I asked those at the court if this sort of thing was rare, and was told that it was by no means an infrequent occurrence. In one or two instances during the year there was no let up. The cases were taken to court, and there are delicate hands-breaking stone at Sing Sing now because they were too dishonestly active under such festive circumstances as I have described.

Further investigation has shown me that no experienced lady gives a party now without having among her black-coated gentleman guests a regular detective, whose duty it is to look as if he were enjoying himself intensely, and to watch all the others at the same time.

You can't blame the practice, although it does take the bloom off of hospitality, and makes the amenities of fashionable life a rather ghastly farce. If those you invite to your house number among them men and women with the instincts of foot-pads, it becomes the duty of the entertainer to protect his or her property, and the property of the guests, at all hazards.

One of these detectives was introduced to me, and I had quite a talk with him upon the subject. It is new work

for him, and he is mightily pleased with it. His first capture was a woman, a handsome, accomplished widow, who was invited as regularly to every swell affair as they happened.

This is how he caught her:

"It was about the first of October," he said, "that a lady living on Sixty-first street issued cards for a very elegant reception, on the occasion of her daughter's marriage. She had been one of the sufferers from the fashionable stealing we have been talking about, and she resolved this time that she would set a trap for the mice."

"So she drove down to our office the day before—I belong to a private firm of detectives—and asked that some one be detailed at her residence for that evening."

"I was selected by the head of the firm, who presented me with regular cards of invitation that the high-toned lady had brought with her. I was not a little embarrassed, you can well imagine, for ten years' knocking about among dangerous characters, and being constantly engaged in putting up jobs on the most brilliant members of what we call the 'swell mob,' had rather unfitted me for contact with members of the upper ten thousand."

"And I didn't have a dress suit!"

"But that was easily managed, thanks to a costumer on the Bowery, and when I presented myself at the brown stone mansion at about half-past nine, I flattered myself I was quite the correct thing in my get up."

"Necktie, kid gloves, suit, boots, all proclaimed me the proper kind of guest. One thing I am certain of: I wasn't half as awkward as some of theawks about me, and I hadn't been in the parlors ten minutes before I felt perfectly at my ease."

"The hostess introduced me as a friend of her late husband, and passed me over to a heavy old swell who turned out to be in the grain trade. He got me in the corner, and kept buzzing me for nearly an hour about the crop failures in England, and the immense exporting advantage it would be to this country."

"All this time while I was listening to the aged cove, and trying to do my level best in replying to him, I didn't forget what I had come for. My eyes went up and down the room like a patrolman, studying each face and watching keenly if any of the guests disappeared from the rooms, after formally entering them. There was no reason for anticipating any dishonest operation, and my position was looked upon, both by myself and the lady of the house, as a *securing*; but, nevertheless, I could not drive it from my mind that something of a sensational nature would turn up during the course of the evening."

"And it did."

"There was a very stylish, vivacious, handsome widow present to whom I had been introduced. It struck me then that she talked too much; that she surrounded herself with a cloud of conversation which concealed from every one but myself a certain restlessness, which was a sure indication of a project being evolved in her brain."

"The wedding presents, which were very handsome, were all arranged in a sort of brilliantly illuminated room up-stairs, which, when the survey of them was finished, was left in charge of a faithful negro servant belonging to the establishment. Among the collection was a handsome, rare old point lace fichu. This was, very valuable, and in proportion to its size, really the most valuable of all."

"It was shortly after we entered the refreshment room that the widow complained of feeling ill. A chocolate ice had not agreed with her, and the apartment was too hot. She would go into the parlor and rest awhile. The time she chose was when every guest was more or less occupied with the cheerful task of eating and drinking, when all the servants of the house, excepting the one guarding the presents, were employed down stairs."

"I looked steadily at the lady of the house, and with all the significance that I could command. This was to prepare her for what I was about to say, which was: 'Hadn't I better take Mrs. — a glass of wine?'"

"Certainly; it is very kind of you," she replied, "and tell her I will be there in a moment to see if she needs anything else."

As I had anticipated, the parlor was empty, and what was more remarkable, the front door was open.

"I went up the stairs as swiftly and as silently as I could. When I reached the door of the room containing the presents, I detected the odor of chloroform."

"The door was partially closed. I pushed it open, and it was easily seen from whence the scent came. There sat the darkey insensible in his chair, his head thrown back, his face covered with a handkerchief. The widow was in the act of pocketing the fichu, the position of the two parties in the room clearly showing how she had stolen on the negro unawares. I could have arrested her then, but I had a great curiosity to see what her future movements would be like; so when she made a motion to turn, I stepped closely back in the shadow of the landing. She brushed past me, and floated down the stairs like a silken sigh, I after her."

"All this hadn't taken more than five minutes. Instead of going straight into the parlor, she passed to the front door, which, as I have said, was open. I crouched down, and got sufficiently in range of vision to see her beckon her coachman, who was, singularly enough, in the neighborhood at so early an hour. He came to the stoop, and she passed him the fichu."

"Then she entered the parlor again, and when I, in about ten seconds, followed her, she was the most beautiful sick woman, lying among the satin cushions of a sofa, that I ever saw."

"I went to the mantel where I had placed the glass of wine, and said, in my most engaging manner, 'Mrs. — sent me to you with this, and her compliments. Try it; it will do you good.'"

"There was no deceiving her. She saw at once that something terrible had happened. How came the wine to be in the parlor? I must have been there during her absence. Still she did not give herself up to confusion. She shivered a little, and said, 'Is there not a door open somewhere?'"

"Yes," I replied, 'the front door. Since you did not close it just now when you spoke to your coachman, I thought you desired it open. Fresh air is a good thing after chloroform!'"

"This ended it. She looked up at me and swooned. In the meantime the hostess and the guests began to arrive. They crowded about the widow, and I, taking an advantage of an opportunity which presented itself, told the lady of the house what had occurred. Just as I did so, a servant discovered his chloroformed companion, and came shouting down the stairs."

"All was confusion. Four or five other ladies fainted in convenient corners, and in a few minutes the theory was that the establishment had been entered by means of a skeleton key, and that perhaps even now every closet was jammed with burglars and murderers. I know that we had a jolly good search all over the house. The bride was at first terribly annoyed at the loss, but when her mother told her the circumstances, dumb horror and surprise took possession of her."

"If I hadn't been there the plan would have worked beautifully. The front door was opened for three reasons—to communicate with the coachman, to start the theory of a sneak thief, and to have blown away whatever deli-

cate traces of chloroform may have clung to the widow's dress."

"I saw the pretty widow home that night in her own carriage. When we were a block away from the house, I made her get the stolen article from the driver. He was thunderstruck at the request, and was very much worried at my presence. I returned the loot, and that's all there is to the story."

"Didn't they prosecute her?"

"No; what was the use. They got the *fichu*—the fish-hook as I always call it—but they let the fish off. Such things are not stealing among the way up—it's kleptomania."

"But the coachman?"

"He wasn't a real coachman, any more than she was a real widow. They were mat. and wife, but he could work better as coachman."

"Then this was their regular business?"

"Seen at it for years. I squeezed Mr. Coachman on my own account, and got over one hundred pawn tickets from him, making quite a neat 'spec' by offering to return goods to parties if no questions were asked. Altogether my first evening among the 'lum-tums' panned out well."

THE

MURDER IN THE MORGUE!

A New York Story of Crime and Mystery.

BY SARA GOLDTHWAITE.

Author of "THE MARKED BEAUTY," "DRIVEN TO HER DOOM," "THE STUDENT'S SWEETHEART," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW IRENE GOT IN THE ASYLUM.

Gaston was not mortally hurt. The knife had simply penetrated the fleshy part of his shoulder, and his state of almost unconsciousness had been caused by the immense quantity of blood he had lost.

When those who had run to his assistance, and that of the keeper, picked him up, he had strength enough to insist upon being carried into the office of that department of the building.

Through all his pain and the mortification at losing Dark, he did not forget the face of Irene.

She in a mad-house! Great God, could it be true that her poor brain had been turned at last!

He did not believe it, and he was right.

Dazed and horrified, and temporarily aberrated, the wretched maiden certainly was, as who would not be under similar circumstances.

Think of what she had passed through up to the time of her kidnapping.

That nefarious transaction was the work of Vandyke, who little thought then that he would be a howling maniac in the same institution to which he had consigned Irene by a writ of court obtained from a corrupt and drunken judge who listened to the oaths of Vandyke, Irene's guardian, and the two physicians he had paid, almost as liberally as he had the judge, to swear that she was insane.

When it was time to sail for Europe, or wherever he should go, it was Vandyke's dream to take her along.

The kidnapping was done by hired ruffians.

When Gaston was carried in the office, he was placed upon a lounge, and the doctor was sent for. He also inquired for the matron.

Hardly had the messenger gone on the latter errand when a young girl, her hair and clothes all in disorder, came into the room.

At sight of Gaston extended on the lounge, she stopped.

Striking her forehead, she cried in a loud voice, "Vandyke! Vandyke!"

"Irene; my Irene," murmured Gaston with emotion, "how came you here?"

"At these words, and the accents of that voice, Irene stopped suddenly."

"Irene," repeated the wounded man, "do you not recognize me?"

At this second appeal she threw herself on her knees and began to sob. The wounded man seized her hand.

"We will leave them awhile," said a keeper to the others present.

When the matron entered the room, the young girl, with a calm and radiant face, was seated near Gaston. All traces of her wandering mind had disappeared.

To all questions, when first committed, the young girl only opened her grand eyes and answered:

"I do not know."

Irene had merely lost her memory. A strong emotion had disturbed her mind; a strong emotion re-established its equilibrium in her brain.

Her reason had seemed to come back to her, and after her conversation with Gaston, she became fully restored.

Great was the surprise of the matron, from whom Gaston heard the story of Irene's imprisonment, and doctor, at the change wrought in the young girl.

The doctor probed the wound of Gaston.

"It is nothing very serious," said he, "but it will be tedious."

"It is necessary, however, that I go to New York immediately," answered the wounded man.

"Impossible! In an hour, fever will set in."

"I must, I say! The lives of three persons depend on it."

Before this persistence the doctor looked at Gaston. Then, after a minute of silence, taking from his pocket a little bottle which contained a greenish liquid, he said:

"With three drops of this liquid I can give you strength for twenty-four hours. Afterwards, I will not answer for your life."

"Give it to me, doctor."

"But, indeed, I do not know if I ought."

"If you refuse me, before an hour I will be dead. Decide, doctor."

"Gentlemen," said the doctor, addressing those present, "and you, madam, if anything occurs, you will certify that it was at the express desire of the wounded man that I gave him the cordial."

"We will," responded the witnesses.

Then the doctor, having previously dressed the shoulder of Gaston, poured a few drops of the liquid into a glass. The water, an instant troubled, became again clear and limpid, with a beautiful oval tint.

Without wincing, Gaston seized the glass and drained the contents.

"Now, said he, 'let us go.'"

He spoke to another keeper whom he thought he might need, and with whom he had arranged matters.

While the carriage was being prepared with cushions to take the wounded man to the railroad, he informed the matron of the necessity of taking her, now thoroughly rational, ward to New York.

On the explanations of the doctor, to whom Gaston had revealed a part of the truth, the lady assumed the responsibility, and allowed them to take her.

It was eleven o'clock in the evening when the trio reached the house of Gaston. The young man perceived a light in his apartments.

"Who is there?" demanded he of the janitor.

"A gentleman who has been waiting since seven o'clock this evening."

"And he did not ask for anything?"

"He asked me if I had not been several times for you to Dr. Billings' to see a young lady—like miss there," said the janitor, pointing to Irene.

"It is my father!" cried the young girl, springing towards Gaston.

"Was there nothing else?"

"Yes; a letter," said the janitor, handing it to Gaston.

He opened it. It was signed "Ashton."

As Irene had foreseen, the consul was in reality in Gaston's apartments. For, a few hours after the report of the detective, he had been given his liberty, with many excuses and regrets.

When they entered the private apartments of Gaston, Mr. Birmingham was wondering what had become of Gaston.

Judge his surprise when, on raising his eyes, he beheld him before him, accompanied by his daughter.

"My children!" cried he, taking them to his arms.

That was all. Tears burst into sobs, while he covered his daughter with kisses.

When he became calm again, the consul wanted to know all that had passed. "At last," cried he, "we are delivered from the wretches! God be praised!"

When the father and Gaston were alone with Irene, they looked at each other sadly, after having glanced at the young girl.

"Alas!" thought they, "so much suffering and unhappiness, and now must it end in death?"

"Unless God performs a miracle," murmured her poor father.

"Hope," whispered Gaston; "health sometimes revives at the contact of happiness."

About two years after the facts we have just narrated, towards the close of a beautiful day in September, a carriage containing four persons drove from the Cunard dock, where a steamer had just arrived.

These four persons were just returning to America, having been a long time living under the blue sky of the classic world of arts.

At the first approach, one can readily recognize our old friend Birmingham, Gaston and Irene—Irene especially.

It was no longer the frail and delicate ward of Vandyke, with those lustrous eyes, whose sickly expression disturbed both a father and lover. It was a young and charming woman, fresh and rosy, from whose black eyes happiness alone was reflected.

Happiness had given to Irene a new existence; from a young girl she had become a woman, and a woman in every sense of the word; a living and respectful daughter, a faithful and devoted wife, and an admirable mother.

For, it may be necessary to tell our readers that Irene had married Gaston, and was carrying in her arms a baby fifteen months old.

Mr. Birmingham's hair was completely blanched. But what looks of affection he threw on his dear family group.

Even Gaston was changed. Paternity had, without doubt, made him grave and thoughtful.

All the party went immediately to the apartments of Gaston, which he had kept during their sojourn in Italy.

While waiting for dinner to be served, Mr. Birmingham mechanically took up a paper.

In a corner sat Gaston, regarding, with looks of affection, Irene, who was nursing her infant.

"Oh, my God!" suddenly cried out Mr. Birmingham.

"What is it?" cried the young couple together.

"That man Granger!"

"Granger, the 'watcher of the dead?'" asked Gaston.

"Yes; he is going to be executed. After the robbery and murder of Dark, he fled to Switzerland, but he could not bear the exile. He returned to New York. They surprised him roaming about his old house in Christopher street."

"And then?"

"Then he was taken, tried, condemned to be executed."

"Poor man," said Irene.

"And Vandyke. What has become of him?" asked Mr. Birmingham.

"I don't know," answered Gaston, looking absently at some letters which had collected during his absence.

"Hold! the handwriting of Ashton."

Gaston broke the seal, and, glancing over the letter, gave it silently to his father-in-law.

Mr. Birmingham, while perusing the letter, could not prevent himself from starting.

"The wretched man," writes Ashton, "after suffering terribly, died at Flushing. His body not being claimed, it was delivered to the scalpel of the dissecting room."

At the first word, Irene understood of what man they were speaking. The young woman knelt down.

"My God!" said she, from the depths of her heart, "pardon Vandyke, as I have pardoned him with all my soul!"

"We pardon him also," added both Gaston and Mr. Birmingham.

At present Mr. and Mrs. Gaston and the father of Irene are living abroad.

The younger man inherited some money from a relative, and obtained through the influence of Mr. Birmingham, a consular position, to which he does credit.

There is a grave in Greenwood kept always green by the orders of Gaston.

It is the resting place of the good doctor, whose loyalty alone caused his death.

[THE END.]

PIERRE LORILLARD had to pay a duty of \$999.60 in order to gain possession of the Epsom Cup, won by Parole in England. The entrance money in the race amounted to \$2,439.

FRANK JOHNSON was credited with having walked 1,273½ miles in 849 consecutive hours, a mile and a half each and every hour, at 2 A. M. Nov. 9, at Allston Hall, Boston, Mass.

JAMES ANDERSON maintained his claim to the title of champion golfer in a match for £100 on the whole and £25 on each green, with Jamie Allen, which was finished at the Westward Ho links, England, Oct. 17th.

MIDNIGHT PICTURES.

A Series of Illustrated Sketches of New York's Gas-Lit Life.

A PROMENADE ON SIXTH AVENUE.

BY AN OLD BOUNDER.

[Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.] Sixth avenue is now the Haymarket of New York. All it needs is a big, brilliant theatre like the Alhambra in Leicester square, to turn out its gorgeous crowd of ladies and their attendant swells to make the picture complete.

It is true that we would still be without the broughams owned by the beautiful blondes, dainty carriages in pink and blue upholstery, that follow their owners up and down the square until such time as a tipsy duke, or a newly returned East Indian, or a flash American shall have been caught in the meshes of the golden hair, or stabbed by the coal-black eye of some "Skittles" or "Formosa."

Then it is away to the St. John's wood, or whatever outskirts place or pretty villa madame may have selected for her home.

The consequence is that Sixth avenue, lacking such luxurious tints, is not by any means as elegant a picture as the Haymarket. But it makes it up in liveliness, in a shameless bravado that is shocking to the sensibilities of decent men and women who are forced to take that thoroughfare late at night, say on returning from the theatre or a party.

In fact, the avenue has become so notorious that reputable citizens, who are posted as to its midnight peculiarities, much prefer the partial security of the street car.

Decency cannot go a-foot in Sixth avenue at night, in that portion of it, to be more explicit, which blazes between 14th street and 35th street.

But we are not fastidious and panopied with a consciousness of our own integrity, and boldly turn from 14th street into Sixth avenue, and commence our northward stroll just as the thousands of clocks in the vast city begin to strike the midnight hour.

Only a few moments ago we were in Eighth avenue, and more recently still in "Seventh." What a contrast! The other two were as silent and as eminently proper as the tomb when compared with this noisy, babbling road, with its demon trains crashing by overhead, leaving a kaleidoscopic flash behind, and its throng of pedestrians continually passing and repassing the brilliantly illuminated shops.

The first thing to attract attention is the number of young girls, the unfortunates, who brazenly ply their calling in the best advertised police precinct in the city.

They are loudly dressed; gay feathers stream from their rakish hats, and their high-heeled boots make constant music upon the pavement as they walk. In the glare of the lamps you detect the rouge, the enamel, and the dark penciling at the corners of the eyes.

These women are natural actresses. They know just where abandon on the street should stop. Many are French; cannot speak a word of English except "you treat me," "goddam" and "five dollar."

In fact, it is only a step to Paris. We turn off into a narrow street less than a block long, between Sixth avenue and Broadway, and we are at a famous drinking and dining saloon known as the "French Madame's."

She used to keep a table d'hôte in Sixth avenue, near Twenty-fourth street. She still sets a dollar dinner, and a very good one it is.

At all the tables you will find girls whom you have seen on the avenue, or will meet again before the morn begins to blush for the follies of the night.

They drink absinthe, ponies of cognac, and smoke cigarettes. That pretty black-eyed girl is showing her cavalier how the delicate paper should be rolled. We order black coffee, and look on. Here comes the madame.

"Bon soir, messieurs," and she goes to her desk to dive into her accounts.

All is quiet and decorous here. For noise, bustle and fighting we must go back to the American saloons on the avenue. There are supper rooms up-stairs at the "madame's," more private. Three young men and as many stylishly-dressed women get from two carriages at the door and ascend to these apartments.

Shortly after, Antoine is seen taking up an ice bucket with three quart bottles of "the widow" rapidly becoming frappe in its embrace. They are going to begin on a pint a-piece.

Just as we rise to go, there come from above sounds of laughter, of riotous merriment, and then the chandeliers tremble, and the glasses jingle upon the tables. Our festive friends are dancing. We overhear Antoine tell madame that they are doing the "can-can" like mad.

Madame is excited. "Mon Dieu!" she exclaims, "it is a rare week—it is too early in the evening!"

"More wine for up-stairs, Antoine! More wine!" She looks pacified. The can-can is not so bad after all.

On the avenue proper there are favorite drinking saloons and oyster houses whose clientele are the birds of the night.

The "Strand" and "Star and Garter" are sample places. There used to be an all-night house called "The London," but it is no more. In resorts like the "Strand," you see the rough, intoxicated elements of Sixth avenue. Girls lounge about in the midst of the smoke, do not hesitate to sit on the laps of gentlemen, and are always ready for one of the foaming glasses of beer which are pyramidally carried about by the ubiquitous waiters.

There are many young men here being ruined. While we look on an episode occurs that illuminates the whole subject as a flash of lightning does a gloomy wood.

At one of the tables has been sitting with two girls of the town a handsome boy of about eighteen years. The rose of health is still on his cheek, and although the gin and water that he has been drinking have given his eyes a false lustre, you can easily see that he hasn't gone far from the road. His vital organs are healthy. How about his moral tone?

Directly back of him sits a silent and apparently affected individual who has gone to such depths in a town study that the glass of beer before him is as yet unopened, although it has been there ten minutes.

The youth gives the waiter a twenty-dollar bill, and his companions exchange glances. Just as the proprietor thrusts it into the drawer, the detective, for the abandoned man was none other, reaches over the bar, utters a few words, and takes the note to examine it.

His suspicions are correct. It is a marked bill, marked that day in the down town office where the unfortunate was employed.

It is quite a tableau when the arrest is made. He turns like a ghost, and then goes out with an attempt at bravery and carelessness that is pitiable to behold.

As for the women, in ten minutes they are drinking more beer at the expense of some one else.

At about 2 A. M. the avenue is not so crowded as at midnight, but its life is more intense. The old "Argyle Rooms," "Cremorne" and "Buckingham" have vomited forth their crowds of dancers. They flood the oyster saloons and fill beer shops with the rustle of silken skirts.

In one beer saloon a negro band is in full blast. When they stop to pass around the band, a tipsy young woman, bantered to it by her companions, goes to the piano and sings "In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye."

It is a strange, sad scene. She is handsome, but undeniably drunk. Her hair is dishevelled. As she sings, being at the maudlin state of drinking, the song overmasters her with its pathos, and she breaks off abruptly to begin to cry.

At this the "lovers," petty gamblers and "strikers," generally break into a coarse laugh.

The poor girl falls sobbing with her head on the table, robbed even of the sympathy of her drunken companions, while the "nigger" band squares matters with the audience by giving "I've Just Been Down to the Club, Dear."

Although it is time to go home—you can always tell that when they refuse to tap a fresh keg—we have by no means exhausted Sixth avenue.

As we go then until we resume its exploration.

CITY CHARACTERS.

THE BROADWAY STAGE DRIVER.

A Philosophical Jehu Full of Good Humor and Reminiscences.

BY COLONEL LYNX.

It is a curious fact, but none the less true, that a Broadway stage driver is built on entirely different principles from those used in the construction of the rest of mankind.

When a cannon ball strikes me, as it frequently has in my warlike career, it tears its way among flesh, nerves and muscle. Aimed at the stage driver, the cannon ball would be baffled; it would impinge upon the surface of the semblance of humanity, but would hastily glide off in a tangential line of disgust.

Why? Because the driver in question is constructed of boiler iron, whalebone and tanned leather. Every year's experience and exposure only serve to harden his frame. When at last death beckons him from his box seat, he quietly throws his lines across the horses, and without suffering any illness, but merely dying of old age, he passes to that shadowy land where it is his day off all the time.

Although there are no statistics to consult, I take it that the average age of a well-seasoned stage driver is about two hundred years. I know that a great many I have ridden with have given me personal reminiscences of famous people whom they could not possibly have known unless such was the case. Methuselah was evidently in the "bus" line, which readily explains the green old age to which he attained. There may, indeed, have been omnib (how's that?) at an earlier stage even than his. Do we not read that Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden?

The stage driver has generally been at the business as man and boy all his life. If you should take him from his seat and lock him up in a sandal wood box for ten years, he would still smell like a horse blanket at the expiration of that period of time. Although there may be epochs in his career when he sat between the spider-spoked wheels of a trotting sulky, and thereby achieved the reputation of being a fast driver, still his actions have always been of a conservative order, and he has never ceased to advocate the maintenance of a stable government.

I dearly love to ride alongside of these old curmudgeons, and listen to their stories of the past. There is scarcely one on the Broadway lines—I am not speaking of the young drivers—who does not remember Walt Whitman and the eccentric freak which took possession of him when he drove a Fulton Ferry stage for several weeks. He gave it up to continue the writing of poetry, and thereby, in my humble estimation, spoiled a very good driver to make an indifferent poet.

This may sound like sacrilege, but I can't help it. I have frequently seen catalogues of hardware stores that possessed as much rhythm and poetical fancy as are to be found in some of the effusions of the author of "Leaves of Grass."

But perhaps he became a stage driver in order to foster the divine gift. Victor Hugo never misses his daily ride on top of one of the busses that ply up and down the boulevards, and has admitted that he composes there. The elevation, the untrammelled view and the fresh air, so different from that inside, undoubtedly do combine to produce an agreeable acceleration of spirits. If it is a lovely spring morning, with the sun tooling his golden "drag" across the wastes of blue overhead, and the birds are singing in the trees of the various parks, you are dead sure to enthuse to the extent of tapping his "nibs" a quarter, and becoming extraordinarily interested in his daily life.

How much does he get? How long does he drive? When did he first begin? Does he like it? These and a thousand other questions you ask the Jehu, and as his replies indicate as hard a life as you would wish your dearest enemy to lead, you become terribly indignant at the ill arranged condition of society which permits such outrages, and resolve to write a scathing letter to the newspapers on the subject. But you never do.

We also sound the driver on the Slawson box idea. The old man is bitterly opposed to the box and the money-package system which it inaugurated. Not that there was ever the stage driver who knocked down a cent! Only that the great change implied in the box means less change implied in the driver. This is a rather paradoxical statement, and I myself must confess that I don't quite understand it, but there is no denying the fact that all these honest whips flourished exceedingly up to the time when smart Slawson sold his invention to the various companies. Then they commenced to complain of hard times.

In bad weather the driver has the top of the bus all to himself. It is then, on days when the snow swirls about him, and the whips of the wind that lash his face are tipped with hail, that his peculiar composition of boiler iron, whalebone and tanned leather stands him in good stead. With four plunging horses to manage, and fingers benumbed with the biting cold, driving a bus through the crowded Broadway becomes a task requiring at once the delicate perception of the fencing master and the hardihood of an Alenian seal fisher. It is no wonder that when he gets down at the stables he goes straight to the nearest saloon and tosses off a tumblerful of rum. An ordinary mortal could not survive the ordeal of more than one trip on the top of a Broadway bus during a mid-winter storm.

A stage driver who has not handled horses for at least forty years is of no account. The old boys look upon him as a green hand, and are never surprised when they hear that one of these novices has lost a wheel, or been badly damaged on the port bow by a truck. The driver with whom I am most intimately acquainted belongs to the Twenty-Third street and Ninth avenue line, and I remember that when riding with him one morning last May, he spoke very bitterly about the discharge of an old stage driver, a friend of his, and the substitution of a horse-car driver whose experience even in that ignoble field had extended over twelve years only.

My friend resembles the elder Weller in the multiplicity of the coats he wears during the inclement weather. I asked him once if he did it to imitate Weller.

"Whose Weller?" he replied.

"He was a famous driver," I answered.

"Never heard of him. Guess he must have belonged on the Fourth avenue line. Never drove a stage from our place anyhow."

When the Coaching Club parades, the Broadway drivers, and especially those who go up Fifth avenue, never fail to salute Col. Delancey Kane, and the rest of the heavy swells who handle the reins just for fun. It is recognized at once that all drivers belong to a common fraternity, the difference being simply in finely graduated degrees. They do not salute Col. Delancey Kane on account of his wealth and social position, but simply because he knows how to drive and handle the whip gracefully.

These omnibus drivers have a mutual benefit association which looks after them when they are sick. This rarely occurs, however. Horrible as the life is in its lengths of hours upon the box, in its absolute dearth of times for proper rest and recreation, the men seem to be accustomed to it, and to bear its rigors with the utmost ease.

It has no future. What the driver is to-day he will be, if alive, twenty years from now. There is no chance to save money, or to lay up anything more substantial than an umbrella for that inevitable rainy day which glowers before all of us.

It is only a question of time when the stage lines will be abolished. Let us trust that they will last as long as the present generation of drivers, for I can conceive no more sad spectacle than one of them out of work.

In the meantime, when you ride on top, do the correct thing, and utterly ignore the existence of the Slawson box. By so doing you show yourself to be a person of spirit; and if you should run counter to the interests of the company, why that is their lookout, not yours.

CAPTAIN BOGARDUS arrived in this city on the 19th from the West to prepare for matches, should any be offered, in reply to his late challenges.

Ted Napper was buried on October 28 in Manor Park Cemetery, Little Ilford, London, Eng. *His Life* says that the assemblage in the locality of the Five Ink-horns was enormous, the gathering being almost equal to that which followed the remains of Tom Sayres to his last resting place.

Tony Pastor has under engagement Mr. Tom Sayres, whose specialty in the way of songs descriptive of the battles in the prize ring fought by his father, the late famous champion of England, will assuredly be a novel feature and a most popular one with the "boys" in connection with the numerous other attractions at this popular house.

THE races will begin at Augusta, Ga., on January 6, under the auspices of the Citizens' Association, and continue four days. About \$2,000 have been subscribed. There will be no entrance fee. The running races will be under the rules of the Savannah Jockey Club and the trotting contests under the rules of the National Trotting Association.

The latest issue of *The London Sportsman* to hand contains the following: "Colonel A. D. Shaw, United States Consul at Manchester and president of the late Hanlan Club, telegraphs from Manchester as follows: 'The statement published in *The Sportsman* to-day about my having written to America that it was arranged to have Elliott win the second race with Hanlan is absolutely and unqualifiedly false. There is not a shadow of truth in this grossly shameful accusation.'"

GAMES will be held at Woods' Athletic Grounds, Williamsburg, L. I., on Monday evening, Dec. 1, under the management of Jack Goulding. The following events will be open to amateurs: One hour go-as-you-please (a disputed race between Chris Benhofer, Thomas H. Noonan and J. B. Clark); quarter-mile run, for those who never beat one minute; half-mile run, for those who never ran before; one mile run, for those who never beat 5m. 15s.; one-mile walk, for those who never beat 8m. 30s. During the evening Harry Armstrong and Fred J. Mott will walk an exhibition match of two miles. Goulding will also perform some novel feats of pedestrianism.

ADVERTISING.

A FEW advertisements will be inserted on this page at 50c. per line, net, payable in advance, for each and every insertion. No electrolytes or advertisements of a questionable character accepted.

MEDICAL.

ELECTRIC Belts, Sure Cure for Premature Debility; the only reliable. Send for Circular. Dr. P. KARR, 832 Broadway, New York.

ALLEN'S Brain Food.—A positive remedy for Nervous Debility, and Weakness of Genital Organs. \$1. All Druggists. Depot, Allen's Pharmacy 315 1st Ave., N. Y.

MANHOOD Restored.—Prescription Free. For the speedy Cure of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess. Any Druggist has the ingredients. Address DAVIDSON & CO., 78 Nassau street, New York.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

MAN'S MISSION on Earth.—A Popular Medical Treatise, clearly explaining the hidden causes which sap vitality and shorten the duration of life, with hints for the removal of the same, showing how overtaxed powers may be fully restored and obstacles to marriage overcome. By mail, 25 cents, currency or postage stamps. Address SECRETARY, Museum of Anatomy, Science and Art, 489 6th Avenue, New York city.

DOCTA Capsules.—Safe and reliable cure for Kidney Complaints, and Diseases of the Urinary Organs. The word DOCTA is on every box. Price per box, with full directions, Capsules (small size) 75 cents, Capsules (large size) \$1.50. At all Drug Stores. Mailed on receipt of price by DUNDAS DICK & CO., 35 Wooster Street, New York City. Circulars free.

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CREMORNE GARDENS, 104, 208 and 108 West 32d Street, near 6th Avenue.—The most exquisite and sumptuously arranged entertainment of the kind in the city. All that art can lavish or skill display, embodied with music of the newest and the best, and FIFTY BEAUTIFUL LADY CASHIERS, selected from the elite of Europe and America, are the attractions every evening. All languages spoken. No extortion in prices. FREE ADMISSION.

HARRY HILL'S Gentlemen's Sporting Theatre, Billiard Parlors and Shooting Gallery with Ball Room and Restaurant attached, No. 22, 24, 26, 30 and 32 Houston Street, and 147, 149 and 151 Crosby Street, N. Y. Open all the year round. Grand Sparring Match by first-class professionals, Male and Female, several times nightly. Great novelty entertainment on the stage, hitting the passing events of the hour and the topics of the day of day. Grand Sacred Concert every Sunday night. Entire change and new faces every week.

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\$10 TO \$1,000 invested in Wall Street Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BATES & CO. Bankers, 7 Wall Street, New York.

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115th GRAND MONTHLY

Extraordinary Semi-Annual Drawing.

At New Orleans, Tuesday, December 18th, 1879.

Under the personal supervision and management of Gen. G. T. BEAUREGARD of Louisiana, and Gen. JUBAL A. EARLY, of Virginia.

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$100,000.

Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, \$5. Fifths, \$2. Tenths, \$1.

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1 GRAND PRIZE OF 20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF 10,000	20,000
4 MEDIUM PRIZES OF 5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF 1,000	20,000
50 " " " " " "	50,000
100 " " " " " "	100,000
200 " " " " " "	200,000
500 " " " " " "	500,000
1,000 " " " " " "	1,000,000
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100 Approximation Prizes of \$500	\$50,000
100 " " " " " "	100,000
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1,000 prizes, amounting to \$112,400, will be distributed. Capital prizes, \$50,000, \$10,000, \$5,000. 10 of \$1,000 each. Whole ticket, \$2. Half ticket, \$1.

All orders and communications should be addressed to T. J. COMMERFORD, Secretary, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or T. J. Commerford, 163 Broadway, New York.

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THK Beautiful Actress Puzzle, for Gents, only 6c. Mon-
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logue, 3c. F. G. RENIS & CO., Chicago, Ill.

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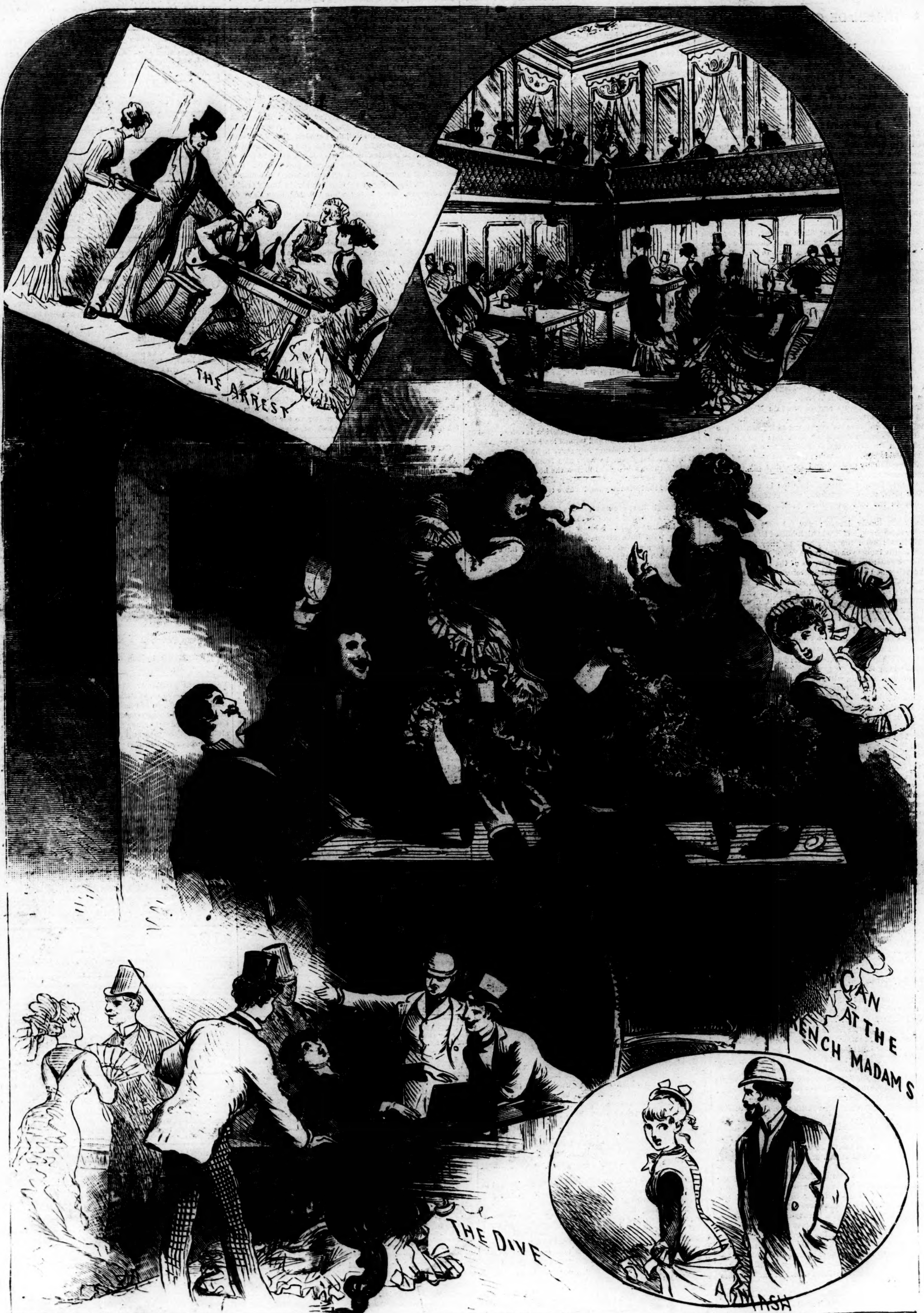
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